CYDER.
A POEM IN TWO BOOKS
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[1708]

John Philips

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With an Introduction by J.C. Pellicer

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In Memory of Peter Widdowson (1942-2009)
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This edition was originally commissioned by the late Professor Peter Widdowson for his Cyder Press, which has used an epigraph from poem since the press’s inception: ‘...thy Press with purest Juice /Shall flow...’ We will always be grateful to Peter for his enthusiasm and support in commissioning this and its sister volume, The Fleece by John Dyer, and the many other useful and interesting volumes in the series, and we should therefore like to dedicate this electronic version of Cyder to Peter’s memory.
INTRODUCTION
The Politics of Cyder

John Philips is a quintessential poetic ‘son’—with claims to primogeniture. Cyder is the first of the British blank verse georgics; Philips the first English poet to adopt comprehensively the formal characteristics of his Virgilian model, and the first to develop Miltonic imitation as a poetic idiom.¹ His originality lies in his manner of pointedly inheriting a set of literary traditions. Contemporaries often used a formulaic shorthand of poetic lineage; thus Philips was described as ‘the Milton of his time’,² as James Thomson would, a generation later, earn the epithet ‘the English Virgil’ as author of The Seasons (1726-30). When Thomson hailed Philips as ‘Pomona’s Bard, the second thou / Who nobly durst, in Rhyme-unfetter’d Verse, / With BRITISH Freedom sing the BRITISH Song’ (Autumn, l. 645), he was referring to Milton’s famous claim to have recovered to heroic poetry its ‘ancient liberty...from the modern bondage of rhyming’. In doing so he positioned himself as the third in the Miltonic succession, after Philips.³

Thomson was also making a political point. The identification of Milton with the tradition of civic humanism gave licence to Thomson and other poets of his generation to associate blank verse with notions of civic ‘liberty’. In his apostrophe Thomson uses the language of whiggish patriotism to assert that Philips’s georgic is as quintessentially ‘BRITISH’ as freedom itself, masking the fact that his predecessor in the Miltonic succession was in fact Tory to the bone, and was so during ‘the first Age of Party’ in the reign of Queen Anne.⁴ Philips’s georgic about cider-making is indeed firmly rooted in a specific and well-documented Tory milieu, a fact reflected not only in the many references to friends and patrons, but also in Philips’s interpretation of English history, of recent political events, and even, occasionally, in his agricultural advice. Given these political commitments, Philips was bold to imitate the arch-republican Milton. Even more bold was the closeness with which he chose to engage with Milton’s text, not only imitating the style but frequently recalling specific passages of Paradise Lost. Philips had parodied Milton’s style in his

¹ See Griffin, ‘The Bard of Cyder-Land’, p. 451, drawn on in this Introduction (full details in ‘Further Reading—Criticism’).
² Edmund Smith, quoted in Johnson, Lives of the English Poets.
earlier poem *The Splendid Shilling* (1701), but even in his fundamentally serious works Philips’s imitation often brings him to the brink of parody, and sometimes well past that point. This parodic element of *Cyder* informs and frequently unsettles its political argument.

Philips lived in the ‘ultimate bastion of extreme High Churchmanship’ that was Christ Church, Oxford, and was part of a Tory circle that included Henry St John, Sir Simon Harcourt, and Francis Atterbury. Like his brothers, who were also Oxonians, Philips was a nonjuror, evading the oaths of allegiance to Queen Anne and abjuration of her half-brother the Old Pretender, though Anne is nonetheless praised in *Cyder* as the restorer of the exiled Stuart line (II, 523-4). One may infer Philips’s own situation from the apology with which he concludes Book One of *Cyder*, condemning those who, ‘destitute / Of real Zeal, to ev’ry Altar bend’ (I, 727-8), and praising instead ‘th’Honest Man’ as ‘a jocund Pilgrim’, who, ‘tho’ distress’d’, will renounce all worldly position rather than ‘break his plighted Faith’ (cf. I, 730ff). His most influential patron from 1704 onwards was Robert Harley, Secretary of State in the Marlborough-Godolphin ministry, whose moderate Tory policies, which often relied on Whig support, needed defence against the constant agitation of less compromising Tories. Harley saw his opportunity to use this gifted son of Christ Church to influence conservative Tories, and commissioned Philips to write a 500-line poem celebrating Marlborough’s achievements at Blenheim, thus providing the Tory counterpart to Addison’s Whig poem *The Campaign*. Harley was certainly pleased with the poem’s success, and in May 1705 Philips received £100 from the secret service funds. In an anecdote reportedly told by Harley himself, Philips seems to have been acutely embarrassed about the political compromise his poem represented. From the 1780s to the 1970s *Cerealia* (1706) was commonly misattributed to Philips, and

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7 Public Record Office T/48/17, account kept by William Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury, for 8 March 1704/5 to 8 March 1705/6, f. 3.
8 According to this story, recalled by Philips’s cousin William Brome, when some acquaintances ‘fell foul upon’ Philips for writing *Bleinheim* he confessed: ‘I could not help it, mr. Secratorry Harley made me write it—but God forgive him’—adding ruefully, ‘& God forgive me also’. See M.G. Lloyd Thomas, *Poems of John Philips*, p. xxii.
it seemed as if his ambivalence about *Bleinheim* surfaced as self-parody in this half-spoof panegyric, which takes Miltonic imitation to even more burlesque extremes than *The Splendid Shilling*. It is a telling point that Philips’s otherwise well-informed twentieth-century editor thought nothing more likely than that Philips himself should have written this parody of *Bleinheim*. Parody touches the most serious of themes in *Cyder*, alerting the reader to the poet’s ambivalence about key issues. In *Cyder* the union of 1707, which Harley and Harcourt had helped to negotiate, is represented at the poem’s final climax as a triumphal conclusion to the centuries of faction and civil strife in English history. Yet the many-layered imitation of *Paradise Lost*, in a georgic about the art of transforming the forbidden fruit into cider, keeps the radically ambiguous fate of the first union—that of Adam and Eve—ever-present in the reader’s mind.

*Cyder* was long anticipated in literary circles, especially among Tories and Jacobite sympathisers. A year (almost to the day) before it was published, Elijah Fenton (another nonjuror) wrote to Thomas Warton the elder, then at Magdalen, ‘I am glad to hear that Mr. Phillips will publish his POMONA. Who prints it?’ It was natural to adopt the name of the goddess of fruit trees as a generic title for the poem, not least as it was also the title of John Evelyn’s well-known compendium on cider, first published in 1664. Philips’s first lines are duly addressed to this hamadryad of the orchard. In the year that passed between Fenton’s letter and the publication of the poem, the union with Scotland came into effect, and the fact that *Cyder* begins with an address to Pomona and ends in celebration of the union invites the reader to link the two motifs. As a personification, the figure of Pomona had a certain independence from specific retellings of myth, but her story was familiar from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, Book XIV. In Ovid’s retelling, she is pursued and finally won by Vertumnus, the deity of the changing seasons. Vertumnus’s elaborate stratagems all fail against Pomona’s virtue, and he wins her only when he abandons his ruses and disguises. With its happy ending the story is not unsuited to celebrate a happy union, but readers would recall that in Ovid the happy ending is a surprise ending, and that the narrative centres, characteristically enough, on the antagonism of pursuer and pursued. Attentive readers might also remember that Milton alludes to the myth of

12 As, for instance, in Milton’s reference to Pomona in *Paradise Lost*, V, 378.
Pomona and Vertumnus precisely at the moment of Eve’s separation from Adam (*Paradise Lost*, IX, 393-5). The Ovidian echo, like Philips’s Miltonic imitation generally, would thus have signalled to careful readers a certain ambivalence towards the celebrated union of the British nations.

Philips applauds the Tudor intermarriage with ‘Fergus’ Line’, towards the end of the poem (II, 629), but the fact that he otherwise avoids mentioning Scotland (beyond a single reference to the Orkneys in the final lines, II, 644) testifies to the degree of compromise involved in Tory acceptance of the new union. Conservative Tories were hardly overjoyed to combine with a nation of Presbyterians, an impoverished kingdom ‘without Faith or Law’, in Swift’s phrase.13 The nonjuring antiquarian Thomas Smith’s fine scorn of the moderate Tory policies celebrated in *Cyder* gives an idea of what Philips was up against among his own people:

[with the union effective,] trade and navigation will bee advanced, Liturgy and Episcopal governmt† and discipline flourish and bee confirmed, the Dissenters and other Sectaryes discountenanced if not suppressed, and the British Empire give Lawes and rules to the whole world. O blindnes and infatuation!14

To many contemporaries, the union revealed all too plainly the civic divisions that official rhetoric attempted to conceal; Swift condemns it as an absurd anomaly, ‘as if a Man in making Posies / Should bundle Thistles up with Roses’.15 On the commemorative medal struck that year, the Scottish lion’s shield sported the emblem of a thistle and a rose grafted onto the same stem,16 and Philips elaborated the symbolism of grafting in Book I of *Cyder*:

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou’d combine  
In happy Union; Others fitter deem  
The *Sloe-Stem* bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.  
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe’er, what loss  
To try the Pow’rs of Both, and search how far  
Two different Natures may concur to mix  
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?

14 Bodleian Library MS Smith 62, f. 237, Smith to Thomas Hearne, 18 Jan 1706/7.
16 *POAS*, 7, p. 283 (l. 10n).
Thoul’t find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag’d, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian Plants
Admit the Peache’s odoriferous Globe,
And Pears of sundry Forms; at diff’rent times
Adopted Plums will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather’d from the Hawthorn’s Branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal Crowns. (I, 297-311)

It is the five pointed lobes of the medlar’s seed vessels that suggest the image of ‘regal Crowns’, which is overlaid with the appropriate colours in the combination of golden-brown medlars with the small red fruit and white blossoms of the hawthorn tree (if we allow blossom and fruit to appear in the same image). The large medlars approximate the scale of Mary of Modena’s small crown of state which Anne wore at her coronation, and the context of grafting points the associations specifically towards the Union of Kingdoms under the Stuarts. The hint of thorns also recalls the emblem of the thistle and the rose, but the implied proximity of thorns to crowns more powerfully awakens the identification with Christ so characteristically employed in Stuart imagery, here suggesting pain as well as redemption. There is, moreover, an undercurrent of doubt in the passage, tempering its optimism. Philips hedges slightly when he considers the feasibility of his proposed grafts—‘Who knows but Both may thrive’?—and in fact only the grafting of medlar on thorn is known to be successful. Philips’s artfully credulous protestation suggests a humorous awareness of the ridicule incurred even in ancient times by the more ambitious of grafting projects. Yet he clearly wishes to persuade the reader that grafting will generally unite ‘adopted’ fruits with native stock, and, in a preceding passage (I, 287-97), marry the wild and the cultivated, as the crab provides best stock for cultivated varieties of apple, producing the perfect mixture of ‘tart and sweet’. The phrase ‘marriageable Arms’ in the passage just quoted (I, 305) may echo Milton

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17 Similarly, Abraham Cowley’s medlar tree is proud that its fruit is crowned; see Sex libri plantarum V, ll. 596-97 in Poemata Latina (London: John Martyn, 1678).
21 See for instance Plutarch’s Table-Talk, II, question 6, ‘Why the fir and the pine and trees like them are not grafted’ (Moria, VIII, Loeb edn).
(Paradise Lost, V, 217) and alludes to the classical topos of the elm and the
vine, a common emblem of marriage featured in the Georgics (II, 221) and in
Ovid’s narrative of Pomona (XIV, 661ff). Philips has mentioned this emblem
earlier in the poem (I, 253-54) as part of the section on the loves and aversions
of the plants which leads up to the section on grafting. This is a passage
without a Virgilian or Miltonic counterpart. Instead, Philips draws on the
classical topos of the mutual aversions and attractions that exist in the natural
world, allowing his warning about natural incompatibilities to temper his
optimism about grafting and other unions contrived by human skill. Even the
happy symbiosis of England and Wales, represented as the thriving of the
‘Pæstan Rose’ beside ‘the fetid Leek’ (I, 254-7), is seen as an oddly fortunate
case of incongruity.22

Philips also allows reminiscences of Paradise Lost to resonate in this
passage with unsettling effect. His emphatic distinction between the vine and
ivy, noting their mutual aversion (I, 251-4), recalls Eve’s telling slip in her
proposal to divide tasks in Paradise Lost, IX:

Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder spring of roses intermixed
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon (214-19)

The symbolic values of Milton’s contrasting pairs of plants convey a sense of
foreboding, for despite Eve’s good intentions, represented in the combination
of roses, signifying friendship, with myrtle, signifying female virtue, her
substitution of erotic ivy for vine in the emblem of marital love is a sign that
her proposal undermines her union with Adam.23 The effect of this allusive
reminder of the lastingly divisive results of careless union is to reinforce the
impression that Philips welcomed Great Britain with mixed feelings.

British georgics are often thought to err on the side of confidence, as if
they were untouched by the darker view of nature Virgil expresses in Georgics

22 The source is Plutarch’s Natural Phenomena, 41: ‘Why do roses flower better if certain
malodorous plants have been set alongside them?’ (Moralia, XI, Loeb edn). See also Table-
Talk, V, question 9: ‘Why the fig tree though extremely bitter produces extremely sweet
fruit’ (Moralia, VIII, Loeb edn).
23 See Todd H. Sammons “‘As the Vine Curls her Tendrils’: Marriage Topos and Erotic
I. Yet from the outset of his poem Philips points repeatedly to the troubling disjunction between the seeming and the real, elaborating the motif of treachery. Giving instructions on the choice of location for orchards, he writes:

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary Care, in vain
He hopes an Apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona’s Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
Rejoycing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so, oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact. (I, 41-52)

Philips’s warning about attractive-looking apples with insipid taste derives from Evelyn’s Pomona, but it is his moralising of the precept, with its pointed Miltonic echoes, that compels our attention. The word ‘inelegant’ is memorable from the passage in Paradise Lost, V, in which Eve prepares a meal for Adam and Raphael, taking pains to achieve the perfect order:

... so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change. (333-6; added italics)

The passage is, as Alastair Fowler points out, ‘horribly travestied’ in Book IX, where Adam, intoxicated by the taste of the forbidden fruit and casting ‘lascivious eyes’ on Eve, plies her with flattery:

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And palate call judicious (1017-20; added italics)

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24 Sylva, or a discourse of forest-trees (1670), p. 7.
Adam’s words also echo the lines Philips most obviously copies, from Adam’s prophetic statement in *Paradise Lost*, VIII, that woman, though ‘in outward show / Elaborate’, is ‘of inward less exact’ (538-9). Philips speaks of ‘Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments / Elaborate’ (added italics), pointing the observation to public life. It is tempting to see a veiled reference to the handsome and not overscrupulous Marlborough, whom Philips conspicuously fails to mention in his long inventory of English military heroes in Book II of *Cyder*. Philips soon returns to the theme of treacherous deceit when, less than twenty lines later, he concludes his praises of his friends’ estates around Hereford with a reminder of the Mercian king Offa’s murder of the East Anglian king Ethelbert in 794:

And *Sutton*-Acres, drench’d with Regal Blood  
Of *Ethelbert*, when to th’unhallow’d Feast  
Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,  
To treat of Spousals: Long connubial Joys  
He promis’d to himself, allur’d by Fair  
*Elfrida’s* Beauty; but deluded dy’d  
In height of Hopes—Oh! hardest Fate, to fall  
By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love! (I, 70-7)

The story, which a Herefordshire audience would have known from childhood, is generally apposite to the intrigue-ridden politics of the reign of Anne, and specifically apt as a caution about the perils attendant on negotiating ‘Spousals’. Philips’s literary sources for the legend are Camden’s *Britannia* and Drayton’s *Poly-Olbion*; works almost as seminal in the tradition of British georgic as Virgil and Milton.

Characteristically, Philips goes on to make humorous use of his antiquarian sources and the theme of deceit in the next passage, where he warns that it is ‘unsafe to trust’ the ‘Deceitful Ground’ of Marcle Hill in an area famous for its cider (I, 80-1). Playing on the apple-grower’s term ‘undeceiving’ for good reliable orchard land and recalling Virgil’s use of the word *sceleratum* (literally, ‘villainous’) to describe the kind of cold soil that is

25 Philips’s editor Dunster notes his neglect of Marlborough in a note to II, 526ff.  
difficult to detect, Philips pretends to be worried by Camden’s account of a wondrous three-day earthquake (actually a landslide), said to have dramatically altered the landscape. Philips, speculates, tongue-in-cheek:

Who knows but that, once more,
This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
Forsaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange
For Law-Debates? (I, 81-5)

This is pure fun, in sharp contrast to the earlier introduction of the theme of a martyr-king in the story of Ethelbert, which obviously alludes to Charles I. Philips’s struggle to come to terms with the ‘crime’ of the regicide (II, 504) is complicated by his awareness of Milton’s political role in the event and its aftermath. At the conclusion of Book I (274-95), Philips puts off passing final judgment on his avowed poetic father, but when he later recalls how ‘the mad, headstrong Rout / Defy’d their Prince to Arms’, the irony of his Miltonic echoes is very heavy indeed. The drenching of Sutton ground with royal blood at the beginning of the poem is a potent and ambiguous symbol, as the earth and its fruit are both tainted and blessed. The ambiguity is similar to that of the Fall, and Philips’s emphasis on regeneration in fruitful orchards suggests that he is trying to interpret the regicide in redemptive and conciliatory terms. He can suggest such an interpretation precisely because the orchards are in Herefordshire, the loyal ‘Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones’ (II, 515) and the centre of Siluria, that half-mythic region of eighteenth-century georgic poetry which takes its name from an ancient Welsh tribe, and from which the nation’s moral regeneration is hoped to proceed. The notional heartland of Siluria is Wales, a Tory stronghold in the

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29 Rachel Crawford, _Poetry, Enclosure, and the Vernacular Landscape 1700-1830_ (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), makes a similar point. We are grateful to Professor Crawford for advising us on this topic as she was completing her study.
early eighteenth century, and the English border counties. The term took on
an additionally partisan shade when applied to Robert Harley of Brampton
Bryan Castle in northern Herefordshire, for example in the Jacobite Beville
Higgons’s eulogy of ‘Silurian HARLEY’ in his Poem on the Peace of Utrecht
(1713), in which he remarks on the metaphorical felicity of a peace springing,
with Lord Oxford, from Siluria.31

The echoes of Cyder in the most famous of the Tory poems on the peace of
Utrecht, Pope’s Windsor-forest, are well-known.32 They extend beyond verbal
borrowings to a similar use of motifs, such as the transformation of the oak
forest—a Stuart emblem as well as a more broadly national symbol33—into the
masts of the British fleet (Windsor-forest, 385-6; Cyder I, 575-8). But whereas
Pope’s forest is metamorphosed into masts as if by miracle, in Cyder it is a
specific tree, the ‘sturdy Oak’ in which the fugitive Prince Charles hid after
the battle of Worcester in 1651, that supplies the navy, and we are invited to
witness its indecorous felling by ‘sweating Peasants’.34 The notion of a king
martyred by the rabble taints the scene of patriotic labour, even as Philips
plainly supports the war industry. This alerts us to a major difference in
outlook between Philips and Pope. Writing in 1707, with the war against
France still far from its conclusion and the Tory dislike of land campaigns
unabated, Philips naturally celebrates the martial rather than the commercial
aspect of maritime expansion, not least in the poem’s conclusion (II, 645-69),
where the navy ‘bears tremendous War / To distant Nations’ and only thus
‘Aws [awes] the divided World to Peace and Love’ (I, 577-79). In the very
different context of 1713, Pope represents the British merchant fleet as the
main agent of a peace-bringing commercial empire. In marked contrast to
Pope’s cosmopolitan vision, Philips takes an isolationist stance, rejoicing that
Albion is ‘sever’d from the World / By Nature’s wise Indulgence, indigent /
Of nothing from without’ (II, 532-34).35

31 Beville Higgons, A Poem on the Peace: Inscribed to the Most Honble Robert, Earl of Oxford
(London: John Barber, 1712), p. 11. In this poem the Thames is suitably made to address
‘lov’d Silurian Swains’, p. 9.
32 These are identified in the notes to Windsor-forest in the Twickenham Edition and in
Griffin, ‘Bard of Cyder-Land’, 458-60. See also Pat Rogers, ‘John Philips, Pope, and Political
33 Murray G. H. Pittock, Poetry and Jacobite Politics in Eighteenth-Century Britain and Ireland
34 It may be relevant to recall Erysichthon’s impious felling of the oak in Ovid, Metamorphosis
35 See also II, 660-69. Donald R. Johnson notes Philips’s isolationist stance in his ‘Plowshares,
Politics and Poetry’, p. 97 (full details in ‘Further Reading—Criticism’).
The Tory dislike of continental wars had been a main cause of their
distrust of William III, whom Philips represents as an ineffectual warrior in
*Bleinheim* (ll. 21-34). Tory insularity generally accounts for Philips’s hostility
towards things imported from abroad, kings chief among them. This attitude
is so consistent in the poem that it is hard not to put a political gloss on a
passage about that most unpoetical of agricultural topics, dunging, in which
Philips censures those

...who, fondly studious of Increase,
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur’d Land
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck
Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nurseling Grove
Seems fair awhile, cherish’d with foster Earth:
But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
It’s native Poverty again prevails. (I, 119-25)

‘Ideally’, says John Chalker, ‘one would like to read these lines “with the
same spirit that the author writ”, but it is hard to know what that spirit was’.36
While the agricultural advice is offered seriously,37 Philips’s elaborate diction,
glistening with phrases like ‘fatning Muck’ and verbs like ‘besmear’, suggests
to Chalker that it is a ‘deliberate burlesque’ (p. 40). He concludes that the lines
reveal an ironic self-awareness, ‘a slightly conspiratorial delight’ in having
wittily overcome the ‘intransigent problem’ of treating low subjects in verse.38
I think Chalker is right, but more attention to Philips’s emphasis on the
adjectives in the lines suggests an added delight in compounding a political
Like the late childless Dutchman, the alien compost is ‘soon exhaust’, leaving
the land to its lamented ‘native Poverty’, the poor condition that necessitated
the Hanoverian succession.39 The butt of this satire is also those, ‘fondly
studious of Increase’, whose acquisitiveness leads them to import foreign
‘Mold’: a witty stab, it would seem, at City Whigs.

37 John Worlidge, *Vinetum*, p. 31, recommends the use of dung but warns against letting it
come ‘too near the roots of your Trees’, lest it affect the fruit’s flavour.
39 In *Bleinheim*, ll. 195-303, Philips laments the death of Anne’s only surviving child. Edmund
Smith’s *A Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips* (London: Bernard Lintott, [1710]), p. 2. and
Leonard Welsted’s *Poem to the Memory of the Incomparable Mr. Philips* (London: Daniel Browne,
1710), p. 4, both tell us he had written an elegy on the occasion.
It is clear that the political subtext of this georgic runs both wittily and seriously through all its various types of discourse, from agricultural precept to antiquarian lore and mytho-topography, and through its various forms of poetic imitation. *Cyder* is a poem steeped in politics, in a more partisan and specific sense than appears when it is interpreted along the broader lines of ‘ideology’ as commonly understood in socio-economic terms. As Philips’s argument in the passage on dunging suggests, the poem defines its matrix within the soil of a particular region—a most powerful metaphor in this poem, precisely because it springs from the literal level of its subject matter. Philips ‘breaks the clods and tosses the dung about’, not only—as Addison said of Virgil—‘with an air of gracefulness’, but also with great verbal and allusive dexterity, taking a keen pleasure in using the quotidian to comment on the great issues of his day.

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CHRONOLOGY OF PHILIPS’S LIFE

1638  Stephen Philips, the poet’s father, baptised at Lugwardine, Herefordshire, where his father, also Stephen (1606-67), is vicar. The family was long settled in the county; the poet’s great-grandfather John was a Ledbury clothier.

1667  The poet’s grandfather dies (bur. 12 January), and his son marries Mary Cooke at Bampton, Oxfordshire (18 September), where her father Thomas is vicar. They live at Bampton and have seven sons.

1669  Thomas Cooke dies; Stephen Philips Archdeacon of Salop and vicar of Bampton.

1670  Stephen Philips Canon Residency and Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral.

1676  (30 December) Birth of John Philips, the poet, at Bampton.

1684  Death of Stephen Philips; his family returns to Hereford.

1689  The Glorious Revolution; the nonjuring schism in the Anglican church.

1691-7 John Philips a scholar at Winchester School.

1697  Philips matriculates at Oxford from Christ Church College (16 August) where he will remain for the rest of his life.

1700  Philips writes a poem (now lost) on the death of Queen Anne’s only son and the last Stuart heir, the Duke of Gloucester.

1701  Philips’s *The Splendid Shilling* published without his consent.

1704  Philips writes *Bleheim*, at Henry St John’s country house near Reading, and dedicates it to Sir Robert Harley.
1705  (2 January) *Bleinheim* published.  
Corrected folio edition of *The Splendid Shilling* published.

1706  Elijah Fenton, *Cerealia* published (a poem formerly attributed to Philips).

1707  *Cyder* completed. Latin Ode to Henry St John published.

1708  Philips is paid £40 by Jacob Tonson for *Cyder*, published on 28 January.

1709  John Philips dies at his mother’s house in Hereford (15 February), and is buried in Hereford Cathedral. Sir Simon Harcourt erects a monument to Philips in Westminster Abbey. *Cyder* translated into Italian by Count Lorenzo Magalotti (*Il Sidro*, published posthumously in 1749). *Milton’s Sublimity Asserted* by ‘Philo-Milton’ published, a riposte to *Cyder*.

1710  Edmund Smith publishes *A Poem on the Death of Mr John Philips*. 
FURTHER READING

Sources

Cyder is an intensely allusive text, echoing other literary works, both classical and English, in nearly every line. It is not attempted to list these echoes in the present edition. The main literary sources are Virgil’s Georgics and Milton’s Paradise Lost, Edmund Gibson’s edition of William Camden’s Britannia (1695), and Michael Drayton’s poem Poly-Olbion. The likeliest sources on cider are:


Evelyn, John, Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest-Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesties Dominions, 2nd edn (London: John Martyn and James Allestry, 1670), which includes Pomona ([1664], 1670) and Kalendarium Hortense (1669).

Worlidge, John, Vinetum Britannicum: Or, a treatise of Cider, And such other Wines and drinks that are extracted from all manner of Fruits Growing in this Kingdom (London: Printed by J. C. for Tho. Dring, 1676).

Editions

Our footnotes draw on the Dunster and Lloyd Thomas editions listed here, as well as original research by J. C. Pellicer. The early editions (1708, 1720) are readily available online at Google Books.


The Works of Mr. John Philips (London: E. Curll, 1714).


Criticism

Aden, John M., ‘More “Georgics” Echoes in “Cyder”’, Notes and Queries, 200 (n.s. 2) (November 1955), 484-5.


BOOK I

What Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due
To Orchats,¹ timeliest when to press the Fruits,
Thy Gift, Pomona,² in Miltonian Verse³
Adventurous I presume to sing; of Verse
Nor skill’d, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian⁴ Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav’n these Blessings grants,
Attend my Layes; nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature’s Gifts may be improv’d by Art.

And thou, O Mostyn,⁵ whose Benevolence,
And Candor, oft experienc’d, Me vouchsaf’d
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.
May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder’d into Dust, and I become
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e’er expects his lab’ring Trees shou’d bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the Hyperborean Blasts⁶
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus⁷ nipping Force,

¹ Orchats Orchards (a Herefordshire dialect form).
² Pomona Roman goddess of fruit and fruit trees.
³ Miltonian Verse Unrhymed blank verse, used in Milton’s epic poems.
⁴ Ariconian Of Herefordshire, especially the Kenchester area (see note to l. 179).
⁵ Mostyn John Mostyn (c. 1680-1720) of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire, North Wales, a close friend of Philips at Christ Church, Oxford.
⁶ Hyperborean Blasts The north wind.
⁷ Eurus The east or south-east wind.
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West
Let him free Entrance grant, let Zephyrs\(^8\) bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;
Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth
Discloses\(^9\) well the Earth’s all-teeming Womb,
Invigorating tender Seeds; whose Breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron Groves,
Hesperian Fruits,\(^{10}\) and wafts their Odours sweet
Wide thro’ the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.

Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:
But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling Show’rs
Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture chear’d,
The Orchats smile; joyous the Farmers see
Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav’nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary Care, in vain
He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes\(^{45}\) 
\textit{Pomona’s} Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
Rejoycing in rich Mold,\(^{11}\) most ample Fruit
Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so, oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable Ground\(^{12}\) expect Success,
Nor from cretaceous,\(^{13}\) stubborn and jejune:\(^{14}\)
The Must,\(^{15}\) of pallid Hue, declares the Soil

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\(^8\) Zephyrs Western winds, traditionally warm and mild.
\(^9\) Discloses Opens up.
\(^{10}\) Hesperian Fruits In Greek mythology, the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Isles of the Blest, in the farthest west of the world.
\(^{11}\) Mold The upper soil of cultivated land, rich in organic matter.
\(^{12}\) sable Ground Black loam.
\(^{13}\) cretaceous Chalky.
\(^{14}\) jejune Barren.
\(^{15}\) Must The apple-juice to be fermented.
Devoid of Spirit; wretched He, that quaffs
Such wheyish Liquors; oft with Colic Pangs,
With pungent Colic Pangs distress’d, he’ll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th’unwholsome Draught.
But, Farmer, look, where full ear’d Sheaves of Rye
Grow wavy on the Tilth, that Soil select
For Apples; thence thy Industry shall gain
Ten-fold Reward; thy Garners,¹⁶ thence with Store
Surcharg’d, shall burst; thy Press with purest Juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault’ring Tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch,¹⁷ such Dantzeyan Ground,¹⁸
Such thine, O learned Brome,¹⁹ and Capel²⁰ such,
Willisian Burlton,²¹ much lov’d Geers his Marsh,²²
And Sutton-Acres,²³ drench’d with Regal Blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th’unhallow’d Feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of Spousals: Long connubial Joys
He promis’d to himself, allur’d by Fair
Elfrida’s Beauty; but deluded dy’d
In height of Hopes—Oh! hardest Fate, to fall
By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love!²⁴

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
Of Marcley-Hill; the Apple no where finds

¹⁶ Garners Storehouses.
¹⁷ Kentchurch The main seat of the Scudamores, a leading Herefordshire family.
¹⁸ Dantzeyan Ground William Dansey (1665-1708), of Brinsop Court, Kenchester.
¹⁹ Brome The antiquary William Brome (1664-1745), of Ewithington, Herefordshire, Philips’s cousin and neighbour.
²⁰ Capel The parishes of King’s Caple and How Caple were famous for their cider.
²¹ Willisian Burlton Burlton Court estate in the parish of Burghill near Hereford belonged to Philips’s friend, the wealthy antiquary Browne Willis (1682-1760).
²² Geers his Marsh Timothy Geers (1672-1750) owned the estate known as The Marsh (Marsh Court) near Bridge Sollers and Kenchester (‘Ariconium’).
²³ Sutton-Acres The parish of Sutton St Michael; the supposed site of Offa’s palace.
²⁴ 70-77 St Æthelberht, King of the East-Angles, was beheaded in 794 near Hereford by command of Offa, King of the Mercians. He was canonised as a martyr and his relics kept in the cathedral at Hereford, and he remains the county’s patron saint. In Camden’s account he was murdered while seeking marriage to Elfrida, the daughter of Offa, by Offa’s wife Quendreda, who preferred the kingdom of the East Angles to ‘an honourable alliance for her daughter’.
A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,
This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
Forsaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange
For Law-Debates? If, therefore, thou incline
To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,
Fail not by frequent Vows t’implore Success;
Thus piteous Heav’n may fix the wand’ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her Gifts) an happy Soil shou’d be with-held;
If a penurious Clay shou’d be thy Lot,
Or rough unwielding Earth, nor to the Plough,
Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones
And Gravel o’er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy Toil; the sturdy Pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest Root
Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is useless made; nor is there Land,
But what, or of it self, or else compell’d,
Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
Sufficient; after them the Cackling Goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.
What shou’d I more? Ev’n on the cliffy Height
Of Penmenmaur, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
Astonish’d, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze

25 78-85 Alludes to sixteenth-century reports that Marcle Hill was moved when a miraculous earthquake (i.e. landslide) pushed the land uphill. The site is still known as the Wonder or the Landslip. See Camden, Britannia, trans. by Richard Gough (London: John Nichols, 1789), II, p. 443; Drayton, Poly-Olbiion, VII, 183-92.
26 Penmenmaur A high rock on the coast of Snowdonia, near Conwy.
27 Plinlimmon The highest point (2468 ft) of the moorland area in mid-Wales, where the rivers Wye and Severn rise.
28 Brouze Brows.
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,  
How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence  
Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,  
Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,  
Cut Samphire,\textsuperscript{29} to excite the squeamish Gust\textsuperscript{30}  
Of pamper’d Luxury. Then, let thy Ground  
Not lye unlabour’d; if the richest Stem  
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou’d doubt to plant  
Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,  
And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of Increase,  
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur’d Land  
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck  
Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nurseling Grove  
Seems fair awhile, cherish’d with foster Earth:  
But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,  
It’s native Poverty again prevails.

Tho’ this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,  
In a due Hour employ’d, great Profit yield.  
Th’Industrious, when the Sun in \textit{Leo}\textsuperscript{31} rides,  
And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,  
Forgets not at the Foot of ev’ry Plant  
To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour  
A just Supply of alimental Streams,\textsuperscript{32}  
Exhausted Sap recruiting;\textsuperscript{33} else, false Hopes  
He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect  
Th’autumnal Season, but, in Summer’s Pride,  
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav’n, that in his Course  
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves

\textsuperscript{29} \textit{Samphire} Samphire (\textit{Cherithnum maritimum}), which grows on sea-cliffs and rocks. Its fleshy leaves are eaten pickled as a delicacy.
\textsuperscript{30} \textit{Gust} Taste.
\textsuperscript{31} \textit{Leo} The sun is in this sign of the zodiac from 23 July to 22 August.
\textsuperscript{32} \textit{A just Supply of alimental Streams} The right amount of nourishing water.
\textsuperscript{33} \textit{recruiting} Replenishing.
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men
Perceive his Influence dire; sweltring they run
To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: But if the Spring
Preceding shou’d be destitute of Rain,
Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
Then wo to Mortals! Titan then exerts
His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys;
Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face
Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
Reign far and near; grim Death, in different Shapes,
Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
Unfinish’d, by infectious Heav’n destroy’d.

Such Heats prevail’d, when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb’s Name (next Thee in Blood, and Worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome World
In Beauty’s Prime, and sadden’d all the Year:
Nor cou’d her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
Of Death arrest; She with the Vulgar fell,

34 Arborets Groves or shrubberies.
35 Blast Septentrional The north wind.
36 Titan The sun; from the name of the Roman sun-god (Greek Helios).
37 on our Vitals preys The heat of late summer was thought to cause disease.
38 that Foe / To blooming Beauty Smallpox.
39 Such Heats The summer of 1705 was unusually hot and dry.
40 St. John Henry St John, later Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary-at-War. Like Harley and Harcourt, he patronised Philips, who wrote a Latin Ode to him as thanks for a gift of wine and tobacco. Philips wrote Bleinheim at his seat at Bucklebury near Reading (see Bleinheim, ll. 483-5).
Only distinguish’d by this humble Verse.\textsuperscript{41}

But if it please the Sun’s intemp’rate Force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient Fame
The Annals trace, and image to thy Mind,
How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulft
By the wide yawning Earth, to \emph{Stygian Shades}\textsuperscript{42}
Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos’d.

In elder Days, e’er yet the \emph{Roman} Bands
Victorious, this our \emph{Other World}\textsuperscript{43} subdu’d,
A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown’d,
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
Of Kings, and Heroes resolute in War,
Fam’d \emph{Ariconium};\textsuperscript{44} uncontro’l’d, and free,
’Till all-subduing \emph{Latian}\textsuperscript{45} Arms prevail’d.
Then also, tho’ to foreign Yoke submiss,
She undemolish’d stood, and even ’till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient \emph{British} Art
A pleasing Monument, not less admir’d
Than what from \emph{Attic}, or \emph{Etruscan} Hands
Arose; had not the Heav’nly Pow’rs averse
Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
Labour’d with Thirst, \emph{Aquarius}\textsuperscript{46} had not shed
His wonted Show’rs, and \emph{Sirius}\textsuperscript{47} parch’d with Heat
Solstitial the green Herb: Hence ’gan relax\textsuperscript{48}
The Ground’s Contexture, hence \emph{Tartarean}\textsuperscript{49} Dregs,

\textsuperscript{41} 159-66 Elizabeth Winchcombe, daughter of Sir Henry Winchcombe of Bucklebury, Berks., and sister to Henry St John’s wife Frances, died without issue, 7 September 1705.
\textsuperscript{42} \emph{Stygian Shades} The underworld (derived from the infernal river Styx).
\textsuperscript{43} \emph{this our Other World} Celtic Britain.
\textsuperscript{44} \emph{Ariconium} This Roman and pre-Roman settlement was thought to be at Kenchester, five miles from Hereford (see also notes to lines 7, 67 and 69).
\textsuperscript{45} \emph{Latian} Roman.
\textsuperscript{46} \emph{Aquarius} The sun is in this sign of the zodiac from 21 January to 18 February.
\textsuperscript{47} \emph{Sirius} The greater dog-star. In antiquity the ‘dog-days’ of July, under its influence, were held to be the hottest and most unwholesome time of the year.
\textsuperscript{48} ’gan relax Began to loosen.
\textsuperscript{49} \emph{Tartarean} From Tartarus, the infernal regions.
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume,\textsuperscript{50} enkindling fierce, 
Bellow’d within their darksom Caves, by far 
More dismal than the loud dispersed Roar 
Of brazen Enginry,\textsuperscript{51} that ceaseless storm 
The Bastion of a well-built City, deem’d 
Impregnable: Th’infernal Winds, ’till now 
Closely imprison’d, by Titanian Warmth,\textsuperscript{52} 
Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed, 
Disdain’d their narrow Cells; and, their full Strength 
Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass 
Upheav’d, and all her Castles rooted deep 
Shook from their lowest Seat; old Vaga’s Stream,\textsuperscript{53} 
Forc’d by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track 
Forsook, and drew her humid Train aslope,\textsuperscript{54} 
Crankling\textsuperscript{55} her Banks: And now the low’ring\textsuperscript{56} Sky, 
And baletful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice 
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay’d\textsuperscript{57} 
The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou’d they turn 
Distress’d? Whence seek for Aid? when from below 
Hell threatens, and ev’n Fate supreme gives Signs 
Of Wrath and Desolation? Vain were Vows, 
And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav’n erect! 
Yet some to Fanes\textsuperscript{58} repair’d, and humble Rites 
Perform’d to Thor, and Woden,\textsuperscript{59} fabled Gods, 
Who with their Vot’ries\textsuperscript{60} in one Ruin shar’d, 
Crush’d, and o’erwhelm’d. Others, in frantick Mood, 
Run howling thro’ the Streets, their hideous Yells 
Rend the dark Welkin; Horror stalks around,

\textsuperscript{50} nitrous Spume Nitre (potassium nitrate or saltpetre), an ingredient in gunpowder. Its white crystalline appearance is poetically described here as ‘spume’ or foam.
\textsuperscript{51} Enginry Artillery.
\textsuperscript{52} Titanian Warmth Heat of the sun (‘Titan’), or heat comparable to the sun’s.
\textsuperscript{53} Vaga’s Stream The river Wye.
\textsuperscript{54} drew her humid Train aslope Skewed or slanted the course of the river.
\textsuperscript{55} Crankling Twisting, winding.
\textsuperscript{56} low’ring Louring, i.e. dark, gloomy, threatening.
\textsuperscript{57} dismay’d Dismayed.
\textsuperscript{58} Fanes Temples.
\textsuperscript{59} Thor, and Woden Norse gods.
\textsuperscript{60} Vot’ries Votaries; those bound by vows to a religious life.
Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,\textsuperscript{61} 
Despair, of abject Look: At ev’ry Gate
The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
Press furious, and, too eager of Escape,
Obstruct the easie Way; the rocking Town
Supplants\textsuperscript{62} their Footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish’d, as o’er-charg’d with Wine; when lo!
The Ground adust\textsuperscript{63} her riven Mouth disparts,\textsuperscript{64}
Horrible Chasm, profound! with swift Descent
Old \textit{Ariconium} sinks, and all her Tribes,
Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
Of endless Night. Mean while, the loosen’d Winds
Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
Hurl’d high above the Clouds; ’till, all their Force
Consum’d, her rav’nous Jaws th’Earth satiate clos’d.
Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
Survives alone; nor is there found a Mark,
Whereby the curious Passenger may learn
Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould’ring Urns,
And huge unwieldy Bones, lasting Remains
Of that Gigantic Race; which, as he breaks
The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
Appall’d. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
She whilome\textsuperscript{65} stood; now \textit{Ceres},\textsuperscript{66} in her Prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-fathers Blood
Improv’d, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin’d Labours to persue.\textsuperscript{67}

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
But all the wide Creation, Nature gave

\textsuperscript{61} \textit{Concomitant} Companion.
\textsuperscript{62} \textit{Supplants} Trips up.
\textsuperscript{63} \textit{adust} Scorched, dried with heat.
\textsuperscript{64} \textit{disparts} Opens.
\textsuperscript{65} \textit{whilome} Once.
\textsuperscript{66} \textit{Ceres} Roman goddess of agriculture, the harvest and the Earth (Greek Demeter).
\textsuperscript{67} 187-247 Describes the supposed destruction of Ariconium in an earthquake.
Love, and Aversion): Everlasting Hate
The Vine to Ivy bears,68 nor less abhors
The Coleworts Rankness;69 but, with amorous Twine,
Clasps the tall Elm:70 the Paestan71 Rose unfolds
Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons,)72 and inhances thence
The Price of her celestial Scent: The Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumer, when they perceive
Th’approaching Olive, with Resentment fly
Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting Contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage’s humble Leaf,
Close neighbours: The Herefordian Plant73
Caresses freely the contiguous74 Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm,75 and likes
T’approach the Quince, and th’Elder’s pithy Stem;
Uneasie, seated by funereal Yeugh,76
Or Walnut, (whose malignant Touch impairs
All generous Fruits), or near the bitter Dews
Of Cherries. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Graffs.77

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with gen’rous Juice should froth?
Respect thy Orchats; think not, that the Trees

68 Hate / The Vine to Ivy bears Nicholas Culpeper and other early herbalists discuss an antipathy between the vine (and its produce, wine) and ivy: see J.P. McHenry, ‘A Milton Herbal’, Milton Quarterly 30 (2) (1996), 45-115 (77).
69 nor less abhors / The Coleworts Rankness The ‘naturall enmitie’ between the vine and cabbage (colewort) is noted in John Gerard’s Herball (1633), II, p. 317.
70 The Vine...Clasps the tall Elm The ‘female’ vine and ‘male’ elm were a common emblem of marriage.
71 Paestan Twice blossoming, like the roses of ancient Paestum in Lucania, near present-day Naples.
72 Rose...Leek, / (Crest of stout Britons,) The rose and the leek are national emblems of the English and the Welsh (‘Britons’), respectively.
73 Herefordian Plant The apple.
74 contiguous Closely adjoining.
75 weight-resisting Palm See Plutarch (Natural Phenomena, 32, in Moralia, XI, Loeb edn): ‘Why does the palm alone of all trees rise against a weight laid against it?’
76 Yeugh The yew tree, commonly associated with death.
77 Graffs Graffs (see note to 276-80, below).
Spontaneous will produce an wholesom Draught.
Let Art correct thy Breed: from Parent Bough
A Cyon\(^78\) meetly sever; after, force
A way into the Crabstock’s\(^79\) close-wrought Grain
By Wedges, and within the living Wound
Enclose the Foster Twig,\(^80\) nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
The binding Clay;\(^81\) Ee’r-long their differing Veins
Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
To the new Pupil; now he shoots his Arms
With quickest Growth; now shake the teeming Trunc,
Down rain th’impurpl’d\(^82\) Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
Whether the Wilding’s Fibres\(^83\) are contriv’d
To draw th’Earth’s purest Spirit, and resist
It’s Feculence,\(^84\) which in more porous Stocks
Of Cyder-Plants finds Passage free, or else
The native Verjuice\(^85\) of the Crab, deriv’d
Thro’ th’infix’d Graff,\(^86\) a grateful Mixture forms
Of tart and sweet,\(^87\) whatever be the Cause,
This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes
Expected best Acceptance finds,\(^88\) and pays
Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

\(^78\) Cyon Scion.
\(^79\) Crabstock Young crab or wild apple tree, used as the stock to graft on.
\(^80\) 276-80 Grafting is an ancient method of cultivated propagation. The shoot or scion is cut from one tree and fitted into a cleft made in another tree (the stock), so that the two may grow together to form one plant.
\(^81\) Clay Grafting clay, a mixture of clay, dung and finely-cut hay, used to protect the fresh graft.
\(^82\) impurpl’d Red, reddened.
\(^83\) Wilding’s Fibres The wilding is a crab tree, which Evelyn considers ‘to be the hardiest and most proper Stock for the most delicate Fruit’.
\(^84\) Feculence The grosser components of the soil, its dross (OED).
\(^85\) Verjuice The juice of unripe crab apples.
\(^86\) infix’d Graff The inserted scion.
\(^87\) tart and sweet The cultivated apple receives the wild apple’s tartness from the crabstock through the scion, which itself imparts the sweetness of its cultivar.
\(^88\) whatever...finds. In other words this blend, whose excellence is something of a mystery, is aimed for (anticipated) by the most judicious cidemakers, and makes the most widely popular cider.
Some think, the **Quince** and **Apple** wou’d combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The **Sloe-Stem** bearing **Sylvan** Plums austere,\(^9^9\)
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe’er, what loss
To try the Pow’rs of Both, and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?
Thou’lt find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag’d, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So **Silurian**\(^9^0\) Plants
Admit the **Peache**’s odoriferous Globe,
And **Pears** of sundry Forms; at diff’rent times
Adopted **Plums** will alien Branches grace;
And Men have gather’d from the **Hawthorn**’s Branch
Large **Medlars**,\(^9^1\) imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of particolour’d Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So **Maro**’s\(^9^2\) Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives
Instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts
From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapless Youth\(^9^3\) thro’ Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then she describes
The **Scythian**\(^9^4\) Winter, nor disdains to sing,
How under Ground the rude **Riphæan Race**\(^9^5\)
Mimic brisk **Cyder** with the Brakes Product wild,\(^9^6\)

\(^9^9\) **Sloe-Stem** bearing **Sylvan** Plums austere The Sloe or Blackthorn, *Prunus spinosa*, is the wild (‘sylvan’) plum of Western Europe; its fruit is highly acid, so ‘austere’.

\(^9^0\) **Silurian** From the Herefordshire area: see Introduction, note 29.

\(^9^1\) **Medlars** The fruit of the medlar-tree, eaten when decayed to a soft pulpy state.

\(^9^2\) **Maro** Virgil.

\(^9^3\) **Virgin...hapless Youth...** Hero and Leander, whose story is told in Virgil’s *Georgics*, III, 349-75.

\(^9^4\) **Scythian** Of Scythia, northern Russia.

\(^9^5\) **Riphæan Race** Inhabitants of the mountains of northern Russia (Scythia).

\(^9^6\) **Brakes Product wild** Fermented service-berry juice (see next note), making a kind of rough cider, as described in Virgil’s *Georgics*, III, 380.
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis’ harshest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing, when to lop
The flowing Branches; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel: She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare; by Her
The diff’rent Qualities of things were found,
And secret Motions; how with heavy Bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the Wings of Air; to Her we owe
The Indian Weed, unknown to ancient Times,
Nature’s choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
The Blood distemper’d from its noxious Salts;
Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
It gently mitigates, Companion fit
Of Pleasantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell warble melodious their well-labour’d Songs.
She found the polish’d Glass, whose small Convex
Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
The Mite, invisible else, of Nature’s Hand
Least Animal; and shews, what Laws of Life
The Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how

97 Sloes...Hips...Servis’ The sloe is used to make sloe wine and sloe gin. The hip is the fruit of the Dog Rose (Rosa canina) and Rosa Rugosa. Although rose hip has traditionally been used to make syrup, jellies, preserves and sauces, it is doubtful whether it has ever been used to make wine. The acid fruit of the service-tree (Sorbus domestica) is only edible when over-ripe, like medlars.
98 Grafting, and In-Eyeing In-Eyeing, or budding, is an old technique of grafting, very widely used in propagating fruit trees. It consists of taking an ‘eye’ or bud (a short shoot with incipient leaves) attached to a portion of its native bark and inserting it into the bark of another tree.
99 answer Repay.
100 From Root, or Kernel To propagate trees from a root or a seed.
101 Volatile Hermes Mercury or quicksilver. Philips is describing the barometer.
102 Indian Weed Tobacco. Philips was a pipe-smoker and believed it alleviated his asthmatic and tubercular condition.
103 Shell Lyre.
104 She Experience personified.
105 the polish’d Glass The microscope.
Fabrick their Mansions in the harden’d Milk,  
Wonderful Artists! But the hidden Ways  
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames  
All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb\textsuperscript{106}  
Apply to well-dissected Kernels; lo!  
Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant  
Unfolds its Boughs: observe the slender Threads  
Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,  
In narrow Seeds describ’d; Thou’lt wond’ring say,  
An inmate Orchat\textsuperscript{107} ev’ry Apple boasts.  
Thus All things by Experience are display’d,  
And Most improv’d. Then sedulously think  
To meliorate thy Stock;\textsuperscript{108} no Way, or Rule  
Be unassay’d; prevent\textsuperscript{109} the Morning Star  
Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun  
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,  
Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day  
Consume in Meditation deep, recluse  
From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,  
Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance  
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care  
Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine  
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse  
To lye supinely, hoping, Heav’n will bless  
Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn’d?  

’Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes,  
Returns,\textsuperscript{110} to shew Compassion to thy Plants,  
Wasted with Breeding. Let the arched Knife\textsuperscript{111}  
Well sharpen’d now assail the spreading Shades

\textsuperscript{106} Specular Orb Eye.  
\textsuperscript{107} An inmate Orchat An orchard in embryo.  
\textsuperscript{108} meliorate thy Stock The stock to be ‘meliorated’ or improved is the planter’s store of kernels or seeds.  
\textsuperscript{109} prevent Forestall (i.e. start work before the morning star rises).  
\textsuperscript{110} when the Stork...Returns In the Spring.  
\textsuperscript{111} arched Knife A curved blade, suitable for pruning or removing vegetation.
Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
Dissever: for the genial Moisture, due
to Apples, otherwise mispends it self
In barren Twigs, and, for th’expected Crop,
Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od’rous Foliage shed,
And gently harden into Fruit, the Wise
Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging Clusters thin
By kind Avulsion: else, the starv’ling Brood,
Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
A slender Autumn; which the niggard Soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
That would not timely ease the pond’rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
Of Gard’ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
Insatiate, undisturb’d. Priapus’ Form
Avails but little; rather guard each Row
With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.
This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
Scud thro’ the Air; their Fancy represents
His mortal Talons, and his rav’rous Beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
They quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
Thy firm Inclosure, and with delving Snout

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112 Vegetables Vegetation.
113 od’rous Foliage Flowers.
114 Avulsion The act of pulling or tearing off.
115 starv’ling Brood Clusters of too many buds for the tree to nourish.
116 Void of Lacking, ‘empty of’.
117 Priapus’ Form Birdscarer in the shape of the Roman fertility and garden god, often depicted with a stick to scare the birds.
118 a breathless Kite A hawk-shaped bird-scarer.
The rooted Forest undermine: forthwith
Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant Procyon\textsuperscript{119} will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
O’er the ripe Fruitage, paring slimy Tracts
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest Cyder drink.
No Art averts this Pest; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec\textsuperscript{120} draws
Salubrious Waters\textsuperscript{121} from the nocent\textsuperscript{122} Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a spurious\textsuperscript{123} Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food; tho’ oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay’d: but Fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom Swarms; let ev’ry Bough
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of Moyle,\textsuperscript{124} or Mum,\textsuperscript{125} or Treacle’s viscous Juice;
They, by th’alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates,\textsuperscript{126} and crouding sip
Their palatable Bane; joyful thou’lt see
The clammy Surface all o’er-strown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil
Flap filmy Pennons\textsuperscript{127} oft, to extricate
Their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, ‘till Death

\textsuperscript{119} flagrant Procyon The (burning) dog-star (meaning the hot days of July).
\textsuperscript{120} Limbec Alembic; a distilling apparatus.
\textsuperscript{121} Salubrious Waters ‘Water distilled from snails was a fashionable medicine’ (Lloyd Thomas, Poems of John Philips, p. 101).
\textsuperscript{122} nocent Harmful.
\textsuperscript{123} spurious Unlawfully obtained; illegitimate.
\textsuperscript{124} Dregs / Of Moyle Lees from the juice of the Genet Moil (see note to 461).
\textsuperscript{125} Mum A beer originally brewed in Brunswick, Germany.
\textsuperscript{126} Dulcet Cates Sweet delicacies, dainties.
\textsuperscript{127} Pennons Wings (poetic).
Bereave them of their worthless Souls: Such doom Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain!

Howe’er thou maist forbid external Force, Intestine Evils will prevail; damp Airs, And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay The proper Relish vitiate: then the Grub Oft unobserv’d invades the vital Core, Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp Ceaseless; mean while the Apple’s outward Form Delectable the witless Swain beguiles, ‘Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise, He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects Disrelisht; not with less Surprize, than when Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass Thro’ flow’ry Meads delighted, nor distrust The smiling Surface; whilst the cavern’d Ground, With Grain incentive stor’d, by suddain Blaze Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War In firy Whirls; full of victorious Thoughts, Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view Alcinous’ Groves, The Pride of the Phæacian Isle, from whence, Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep, To Ariconium pretious Fruits arriv’d:

128 thou maist You may.
129 Intestine Evils Internal, i.e. inside the apple.
130 proper Relish The right flavour.
131 writhen Distorted, twisted (in disgust at the taste).
132 Disrelisht Disgusted.
133 Embattled Drawn up for battle.
134 Grain incentive Gunpowder.
135 suddain Sudden.
136 Alcinous’ Groves...Phæacian Isle Alkinoos, King of the Phaeacians of the legendary island of Scheria; his orchard is described in Homer’s Odyssey, VII.
137 pretious Precious.
The Pippin burnisht o’er with Gold,138 the Moile139
Of sweetest hony’d Taste, the fair Permain,140
Temper’d, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
Peculiar, styl’d the Ottley:141 Be thou first
This Apple to transplant; if to the Name
It’s Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A Wine more priz’d, or laudable of Taste.
Nor does the Eliot142 least deserve thy Care,
Nor John-Apple,143 whose wither’d Rind, entrencht
With many a Furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid Age; nor that from Harvey nam’d,144
Quick-relishing:145 Why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled Coat
The Russet, or the Cats-Head’s weighty Orb,
Enormous in its Growth; for various Use
Tho’ these are meet, tho’ after full repast
Are oft requir’d, and crown the rich Desert?146

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138 *Pippin burnisht o’er with Gold* The Golden Pippin, a sweet variety used as a dessert apple but also praised by Evelyn and Worlidge as a cider apple.
139 *Moile* The Genet Moil (Gennet Moyle), a prized sweet cooking and cider-apple in the period, still in use in nineteenth-century Herefordshire.
140 *Permain* The Old English Pearmain, introduced by the Normans, made ‘a very pleasant Cider’ (Worlidge, p. 40), and a dessert apple (Evelyn in *Pomona*, p. 32).
141 *Salopian Acres...the Ottley* Adam Ottley (1685-1752) of Pitchford Hall near Shrewsbury in Shropshire (‘Salop’) was a contemporary and friend of Philips’s at Oxford. His uncle, Adam Ottley, D.D. (1653-1723), was archdeacon of Salop in the diocese of Hereford, later Bishop of St David’s. Philips intended this reference to the little-known Ottley apple to be a double compliment to uncle and nephew.
142 *Eliot* Like the Redstreak (see note to 501), the Eliot was an astringent apple used to make high-quality ‘rough’ cider. Cf. II, 289 and 351.
143 *John-Apple* ‘The John-Apple, or Deux-Ans, so called from its durableness, continueth two years before it perisheth, is a good relisht sharp Apple the Spring following, when most other Fruit is spent’ (Worlidge, p. 158). It reaches its peak of flavour when shrivelled, hence its proverbial association with old age.
144 *that from Harvey nam’d* A variety of cooking and cider apple said to be named for the poet Gabriel Harvey (1550-1631).
145 *Quick-relishing* Early-ripening.
146 473-8 Philips considers the Thrift, Codlin, Pomroy, Russet and Catshead apples more suitable for eating than cider-making. These varieties would not be used to make long-maturing ‘rough’ cider, but ‘early’ or ‘summer’ cider. The Codlin(g) had an elongated form and was often eaten cooked when hard and green; when ripe, it is acid. ‘The Pome-Roy, is a Fruit of a high name, a good taste, a pulpy substance, and not yielding much Juice; yet that which is, is very good’ (Worlidge, pp. 159-60). Worlidge (pp. 157-8) lists several kinds of
What, tho' the Pear-Tree rival not the Worth,  
Of Ariconian Products? yet her Freight  
Is not contemn’d, yet her wide-branching Arms  
Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog  
Adverse to Life; the wintry Hurricanes  
In vain implore their Roar, her Trunc unmov’d  
Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage.  
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large Increase,  
Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.  
Thrice acceptable Bev’rage! could but Art  
Subdue the floating Lee, Pomona’s self  
Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.  
Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,  
To sit beneath her leafy Canopy,  
Quaffing rich Liquids: Oh! how sweet t’enjoy,  
At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Numbers shall we match  
The Musk’s surpassing Worth! that earliest gives  
Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,  
Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs  
With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies  
The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!

‘Russeted’ apples, named for their reddish-gold colour with brown spots and ‘pimpled Coat’ (474) or rough skin. The ‘Cats head, by some called the Go-no-further, is a very large Apple, and by its red sides promises well for Cider’ (Worlidge, p. 162).

147 Freigh...not contemn’d The tree’s produce should not be scorned.
148 fervent Dog Sirius, the dog-star.
149 Bosbury An astringent pear, unsuitable for eating but ‘esteemed the best to yield lasting Perry’ (Worlidge, p. 122).
150 Bev’rage Perry or pear cider, commonly considered inferior to cider.
151 floating Lee Particles of pulp which cause ‘reiterated fermentation’, turning cider or perry acid.
152 Numbers Lines of verse.
153 Musk The pear was known as the ‘musk apple’.
154 tender Nonage Period of immaturity.
155 Vernal Nippings Late frosts of Spring.
156 Syderal Blasts Gales caused by the malign influence of the stars.
Yet let her to the *Red-streak*\(^{157}\) yield, that once
Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz’d,
Of no Regard, ’till Scudamore’s skilful Hand\(^{158}\)
Improv’d her, and by courtly Discipline
Taught her the savage Nature to forget:
Hence styl’d the Scudamorean Plant; whose Wine
Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
Respect that ancient loyal House,\(^{159}\) and wish
The noble Peer,\(^{160}\) that now transcends our Hopes
In early Worth, his Country’s justest Pride,
Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
The *Red-streak* as supream; whose pulpous Fruit
With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
Primæval interdicted Plant,\(^{161}\) that won
Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive
Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
Easie, whilst, hear’d with her nectareous Juice,
Hers, and my Country’s Praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian Plant, that dost disdain
All other Fields! Heav’n’s sweetest Blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
And Thy choice *Nectar*, on which always waits


\(^{158}\) *Scudamore’s skilful Hand* Cultivated by the first Viscount Scudamore from the wilding or crab apple, the Redstreak was also known as ‘Scudamore’s crab’.

\(^{159}\) *ancient loyal House* The Scudamore family: see next note, and note to 67.

\(^{160}\) *noble Peer* James, third Viscount Scudamore (1684-1716), a contemporary of Philips at Oxford; MP for Herefordshire, 1705-1713, and for Hereford, 1715-16. His great-grandfather John, first Viscount Scudamore (1601-71), Royalist, Laudian, courtier and diplomat, had been a pioneering orchard-planter.

\(^{161}\) *Primæval interdicted Plant* The tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden.
Laughter, and Sport, and care-beguiling Wit,
And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
What shou’d we wish for more? or why, in quest
Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th’extreamest World? Why tempt the Rage
Of the rough Ocean? when our native Glebe
Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
*Gallic, or Latin* Grapes, or those that see
The setting Sun near *Calpe’s tow’ring Height*.163
Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian*164 Vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay*165 contend
For Sov’ranty; *Phanæus*166 self must bow
To th’*Ariconian* Vales: And shall we doubt
T’improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,
Will largest Usury repay, alone
Impower’d to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires?
The Meadows here, with bat’ning167 Ooze enrich’d,
Give Spirit to the Grass; three Cubits high
The jointed Herbage168 shoots; th’unfallow’d Glebe169
Yearly o’ercomes170 the Granaries with Store
Of *Golden Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
Ascending spiral, rang’d in meet Array!
Lo, how the Arable with *Barley-Grain*
Stands thick, o’er-shadow’d, to the thirsty Hind
Transporting Prospect! These, as modern Use

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162 *insincere* Impure (Latin *sincerus* means ‘pure’ when used to describe liquor).
163 *Calpe’s tow’ring Height* The Rock of Gibraltar.
164 *Rhodian...Lesbian* The wines of Rhodes and Lesbos (praised by Virgil).
165 *Tokay* A sweet Hungarian wine, and the grape it is made from.
166 *Phanæus* Wine from Phanaeus on the Ionian island of Chius or Chios.
167 *bat’ning* Strengthening.
168 *jointed Herbage* The grass.
169 *unfallow’d Glebe* Cultivated land.
170 *o’ercomes* Overwhelms.
Ordains, infus’d, an Auburn Drink compose, 
Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight, 
Apples of Price, and plenteous Sheaves of Corn, 
Oft interlac’d occur, and both imbibe 
Fitting congenial Juice; so rich the Soil, 
So much does fructuous Moisture o’er-abound!
Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
To Heav’n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
To Human Ken; nor at their Feet the Vales
Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
Chews verd’rous Pasture; nor the yellow Fields
Gaily enterchang’d, with rich Variety
Pleasing, as when an Emerald green, enchas’d
In flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
Next add the Sylvan Shades, and silent Groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the Hearth is fed
With copious Fuel; whence the sturdy Oak,
A Prince’s Refuge once, th’æternal Guard
Of England’s Throne, by sweating Peasants fell’d,
Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
To distant Nations, or with Sov’ran Sway
Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.
Why shou’d the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
Their harden’d Iron; when our Mines produce
As perfect Martial Ore? Can Tmolus’ Head

171 Auburn Drink English beer, made by infusing hops with malted barley, which from the fifteenth century superseded unhopped English ale as the national drink.
172 interlac’d Mixed; that is, corn is planted in orchards, as was common then.
173 Fitting congenial Juice Water.
174 enchas’d Inset, with the idea of ornamentation. (The analogy is with jewellery.)
175 A Prince’s Refuge Charles II hid in an oak after the Battle of Worcester (1651).
176 Aws Awe.
177 Chalybes, or Bilboa The Chalybes were an ancient people of Asia Minor famous for their skill in working iron, and Bilboa was also celebrated for its iron.
178 our Mines Iron was produced in Herefordshire in the seventeenth century, and in Gloucestershire and Shropshire in the eighteenth century.
179 Martial Ore Iron ore.
180 Tmolus’ Head Tmolus, a mountain in Lydia (Asia Minor), was associated with golden saffron in the Greek myth of King Midas.
Vie with our Safron Odours? Or the Fleece Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare

With Lemster’s silken Wool? Where shall we find Men more undaunted, for their Country’s Weal
More prodigal of Life? In ancient Days, The Roman Legions, and great Cæsar found Our Fathers no mean Foes: And Cressy Plains, And Agincourt, deep-ting’d with Blood, confess What the Silures Vigour unwithstood Cou’d do in rigid Fight; and chiefly what Brydges’ wide-wasting Hand, first Garter’d Knight, Puissant Author of great Chandois’ Stemm,

High Chandois, that transmits Paternal Worth, Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown, T’his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer!

That, blest with hoary Vigour, view’st Thy self Fresh blooming in Thy Generous Son, whose Lips, Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,

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181 Safron According to Dunster, ‘great quantities’ of saffron ‘were formerly raised in Herefordshire’.

182 Bætic From Baetica, the Roman province of southern Spain. Spain was distinguished for its fine wools.

183 Tarentine From Tarentum, a Spartan colony on the heel of Italy from c. 700 BC, and an important textile centre for the ancient world. Cf. The Fleece, I, 515.

184 Lemster Leominster was the centre of the Herefordshire wool trade famous for its fine wool, known as ‘Lemster ore’; cf. Drayton, Poly-Olbion VII, 145-58; The Fleece, I, 52.

185 Men more undaunted Philips may be thinking of Royalist support in the border counties during the Civil Wars (see note to II, 514-16).

186 Our Fathers The Welsh Silures were noted for fierce resistance to the Romans.

187 589-92 Cressy...Agincourt The contingents of Welsh spearmen and archers in the armies of Edward III and Henry V, renowned for fearlessness and esprit de corps, contributed significantly to the English victories against the French (see II, 582-5).

188 593-7 Brydges...T’his Noble Off-spring Philips confuses two men with the same name, one from each branch of the Chandos family, and a generation apart. The first Sir John Chandos (d. 1369), from the Derbyshire branch of the family, was one of the most illustrious warriors of the age of Edward III, a founder knight of the Order of the Garter who died without issue. The Sir John Chandos Philips meant to praise was from the Herefordshire branch of the family, the son of Sir Thomas Chandos. He died without issue in 1428. The descendants of his niece Elizabeth Berkeley and her husband Giles Brugges or Brydges inherited the title, as Lords then Dukes of Chandos.

189 thrice happy Peer James, eighth Lord Chandos.

190 Thy Generous Son James Brydges (1673-1744), the first Duke of Chandos, MP for Hereford (1698-1714) and Paymaster-General of the armed forces (1707-12).

191 nervous Vigorous, robust.
Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win
In deepest Councils: Ariconium pleas’d,
Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
Him on th’Iberian, on the Gallic Shore,
Him hardy Britons bless; His faithful Hand
Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
The General’s Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of Cecil’s Line,
This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee
Thy Alterennis calls: yet she endures
Patient Thy Absence, since Thy prudent Choice
Has fix’d Thee in the Muse’s fairest Seat,
Where Aldrich reigns, and from his endless Store
Of universal Knowledge still supplies
His noble Care; He generous Thoughts instills
Of true Nobility, their Country’s Love,
(Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
To Human Virtues: By His Genius led,
Thou soon in every Art preeminent
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to Burleigh’s Fame.

Hail high-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of Arts,
And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hanmer, and Bromley; Thou, to whom with due

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192 Senate Parliament.
193 Iberian...Gallic Shore Spain and France.
194 Branch of Cecil’s Line James Cecil, fifth Earl of Salisbury, who matriculated from Christ Church in 1705, aged fourteen. In praising this powerful family Philips also celebrates the memory of the great Tudor and Jacobean statesmen William Cecil, Lord Burghley (1520-98), and his son Robert, first Earl of Salisbury (1563-1612).
196 Aldrich Henry Aldrich (1647-1710), widely respected as Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, from 1689 until his death.
197 Burleigh Burghley: see note to 608.
198 Hanmer, and Bromley Sir Thomas Hanmer (1677-1746), fourth baronet, of Hanmer, Flintshire, MP for Thetford. William Bromley (1664-1732) represented Oxford University in Parliament from 1701 to the end of his life.
Respect Wintonia\textsuperscript{199} bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest
With like Examples, and to future Times
Proficuous,\textsuperscript{200} such a Race of Men produce,
As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;
Tho’ meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to Beaufort’s\textsuperscript{201} spotless Fame,
To Beaufort, in a long Descent deriv’d
From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
Faithful Asserters: In Him centring meet
Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride
Disjoin’d, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!
O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee,
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
To Weymouth,\textsuperscript{202} firmest Friend of slighted Worth
In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
Unbarr’d to All, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Guests; whose Board, with Plenty crown’d,
Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
To blazon what tho’ hid will beauteous shine;
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

\textsuperscript{199} Wintonia Philips is referring to the new Bishop of Winchester, Sir Jonathan Trelawney (1650-1721), enthroned at Windsor, 21 June 1707. He was a Christ Church man, a prominent high church Tory and a friend and patron of Francis Atterbury.

\textsuperscript{200} Proficuous Beneficial.

\textsuperscript{201} Beaufort Henry Somerset, second Duke of Beaufort (1684-1714), of Badminton, Gloucestershire.

\textsuperscript{202} Weymouth Sir Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth (1640-1714), and ‘a great patron of the non-jurors’ (DNB).
But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Of Vaga first drew vital Breath, and now
Approv’d in Anna’s secret Councils sits,
Weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast
Sollicitous of public Good? How large
His Mind, that comprehends what-e’er was known
To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign’d to hear
Thy Pipe, and skreen’d thee from opprobrious Tongues.
Acknowledge thy Own Harley, and his Name
Inscribe on ev’ry Bark; the wounded Plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchless Forms with transient Glance,
Catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour’d
Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
Unfeign’d, and Virtue most engaging, free
From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
To th’honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.
And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
That Woman’s pow’rful Beauty dares condemn,
Exactest Work of Heav’n? He ill deserves

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203 But who is He Robert Harley (1661-1724), Secretary of State for the Northern Department. For Harley and Philips, see the Introduction.
204 Vaga The river Wye, meaning Herefordshire. In fact Harley was born in London, but the Harleys’ principal seat was Brampton Bryan castle, Herefordshire.
205 Anna Queen Anne.
206 deign’d to hear / Thy Pipe Was the first to take an interest in Philips’s poetry.
207 Dædal Cunning, skilful.
Or Love, or Pity; friendless let him see
Uneasie, tedious Days, despis’d, forlorn,
As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
That cheerfully recounts the Females Praise
Find equal Love, and Love’s untainted Sweets
Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
A fair, and modest Virgin, that invites
With Aspect chast, forbidding loose Desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav’nly Eye
Sits purest Love enthron’d: But if the Stars
Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
Indelible a grateful Sense remain
Of Favours undeserv’d!—O Thou! from whom
Glady both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise
Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
With mild, impartial Reason; what Returns
Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
Freely vouchsaft, when to the Gates of Death
I tended prone? If Thy indulgent Care
Had not preven’d, among unbody’d Shades
I now had wander’d; and these empty Thoughts
Of Apples perish’d: But, uprais’d by Thee,
I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day
Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour’d Name
Of Trevor must employ my willing Thoughts

208 Thou Trevor (see note to 715-16, below).
209 preven’d Intervened swiftly or pre-emptively.
210 Trevor Thomas Trevor, later Baron Trevor (1658-1730), judge, matriculated from Christ Church, 1673. He nursed Philips in his final illness and his devotion to him is celebrated in Edmund Smith’s Poem on the Death of Mr. John Philips, p. 2.
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancell Nature’s Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
For Rule, and Power; and other’s Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betray his Sov’ran. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev’ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway’d, and act the basest Things
To be styl’d Honourable: Th’Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got Wealth; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho’ distress’d, he’ll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,
Will shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar’d
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil’d,
He’ll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn’d,
Unpity’d; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him, if he can’t with Purple stain
Of cumbrous Vestments, labour’d o’er with Gold,
Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy’s Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectre’s grisly Forms,
Dæmons, and injur’d Souls, at Close of Day
Annoy’d, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
But (as a Child, whose inexperienc’d Age
Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night’s sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.

211 Gugaws Gewgaws.
When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy Day, he to his Labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils, and Minerals, that th’embowell’d Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Human Race: Or else his Thoughts
Are exercis’d with Speculations deep
Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th’wholsome Rules
Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom’d Tongue to blast the Fame
Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
‘Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and Hate.
Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes
Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
Large Subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
Fit Alms to Lazars, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv’d, from courtly Vice,
And Baits of pompous Rome secure; at Court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
And how t’improve his Grounds, and how himself:
Best Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
Of Phoebus, nor less fit Maeonides,
Poor eyeless Pilgrim! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spencer liv’d, with mean Repast
Content, depress’d by Penury, and Pine
In foreign Realm: Yet not debas’d his Verse
By Fortune’s Frowns. And had that Other Bard,

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212 Lazars Lepers.
213 Phoebus Apollo, associated with poetry and the arts.
214 Maeonides, / Poor eyeless Pilgrim! Maeonides was Homer’s surname.
215 Spencer...depress’d by Penury, and Pine / In foreign Realm The poet Edmund Spenser (c. 1552-99) spent his last two decades as a colonial official in Ireland. It was widely thought that he died in impoverished circumstances.
Oh, had but He that first ennobled Song
With holy Raptures, like his Abdiel been,
‘Mong many faithless, strictly faithful\textsuperscript{216} found;
Unpity’d, he should not have wail’d his Orbs,
That roll’d in vain to find the piercing Ray,
And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil’d!
But He—However, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior Strains, grov’ling beneath
Th’\textit{Olympian} Hill,\textsuperscript{217} on Plains, and Vales intent,
Mean Follower.\textsuperscript{218} There let her rest a-while,
Pleas’d with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

\textsuperscript{216} Abdiel... ‘Mong many faithless, strictly faithful The seraph Abdiel challenges Satan’s rebellion: ‘Among the faithless, faithful only he’ (\textit{Paradise Lost}, V, 897).
\textsuperscript{217} Th’\textit{Olympian} Hill Mount Olympus, seat of the Muses.
\textsuperscript{218} 784-95 \textit{that Other Bard} On Philips’s relation to Milton, see Introduction.
O Harcourt, Whom th’ingenuous Love of Arts
Has carry’d from Thy native Soil, beyond
Th’eternal Alpine Snows, and now detains
In Italy’s waste Realms, how long must we
Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
Thou view’st the Reliques of old Rome; or what,
Unrival’d Authors by their Presence, made
For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil’s Urn
Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow’rs
Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
Of Wit, and Judgement ripe in blooming Years,
And Britain’s Isle with Latin Knowledge grace.
Return, and let Thy Father’s Worth excite
Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause
Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
With winning Rhetoric, and well argu’d Law!
Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
Thy Prince’s Favour, and Thy Country’s Love.

Mean while (altho’ the Massic Grape delights
Pregnant of racy Juice, and Formian Hills
Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject
Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
Now grinds choice Apples, and the British Vats
O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

30

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,
To sing of Wines, and Autumn's blest Increase.
Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry 9 seems
Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
The wide Inclosure; 10 think not vainly now
To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
Thus disappointed: If the former Years
Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,
With tastless Water wash thy droughty Throat.

45

A thousand Accidents the Farmer’s Hopes
Subvert, or cheque; uncertain all his Toil,
'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
With gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits
Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
Equal, intenerating 11 milky Grain,
Berries, and Sky-dy'd 12 Plums, and what in Coat
Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant Nut,
And the Pine's tastful Apple: Autumn paints

9 Fruit'ry The crop of fruit.
10 34-41 Blights were thought to be carried by the eastern wind ('an oriental Blast'). See A. D. McKillop, The Background of Thomson’s Seasons (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1942), pp. 45-8.
11 intenerating Softening.
12 Sky-dy'd Blue.
**Ausonian**13 Hills with Grapes, whilst English Plains
Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early Dew
Unlocks th’embosom’d Odors, walk among
The well rang’d Files of Trees, whose full-ag’d Store
Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*14
More grateful, or perfuming flow’ry *Beane*!15
Soft whisp’ring Airs, and the Larks mattin Song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
Perplex’d with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best Portion of the various Year, in which
Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her Works
Lovely, to full Perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our Joys, and neighb’ring Griefs disturb
Our pleasant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
The blithsome Year: Trees of their shrivel’d Fruits
Are widow’d, dreary Storms o’er all prevail.
Now, now’s the time; e’er hasty Suns forbid
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*
Of its rich Progeny;16 the turgid Fruit
Abounds with mellow Liquor; now exhort
Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form17
To the expected Grinder: Now prepare
Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
*Cylindric*, to support the Grinder’s Weight
Excessive, and a flexile Sallow entrench’d,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
Long e’er the Vintage; but with timely Care
Shave the Goat’s shaggy Beard, least thou too late,

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13 Ausonian Italian.
14 Nard A spikenard, a kind of aromatic, valerian-like Indian plant.
15 perfuming flow’ry Beane The bean-plant has fragrant violet-tinted white flowers; its fragrance is often remarked in poetry.
16 disburthen...Of its rich Progeny Ripe apples were knocked off the trees with long poles called ‘panking poles’ or ‘polting logs’.
17 78-80 exhort...wheely Form The advice is for the labourers to shape and dress the grindstone.
In vain should’st seek a Strainer, to dispart
The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
Whose Prime is past; the vigorous Horse disdains
Such servile Labours, or, if forc’d, forgets
His past Achievements, and victorious Palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with Work, and Years,
Shall roll th’unweildy Stone; with sober Pace
He’ll tread the circling Path ’till dewy Eve,
From early Day-spring, pleas’d to find his Age
Declining, not unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw’d, Has drain’d the pulpous Mass, regale their Swine
With the dry Refuse; thou, more wise shalt steep
Thy Husks in Water, and again employ
The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team

\[^{18} \text{husky} \] The husk of the apple is the dry pomace or ‘apple-cheese’, the fibrous matter that remains when the pomace has been pressed (cf. ‘Husks’, l. 114).
\[^{19} \text{terrene} \] Belonging to the earth. Worlidge uses the Latin term for lees, Materia Terrestris (p. 93).
\[^{20} \text{Blind Bayard} \] A mock-heroic name for a horse.
\[^{21} \] 81-99 This passage describes the stone mill used to crush the fruit to a pulp or pomace before it was transferred to the press to extract the juice, and the processes of milling. The mill was circular, with a trough for ‘th’unwieldy Stone’ (l. 96), or grinder, to roll through, crushing the apples. The grindstone, which weighed from one to two tons, was pulled round by a horse or pony. The horizontal wooden arm to which the horse was harnessed kept it upright, and was attached to a vertical Post / Cylindric (ll. 82-3) set in the middle of the mill and fixed to the millhouse ceiling. The ‘flexile Sallow entrench’d / Rounding’ (ll. 84-5) is the wooden kerbing-board, which raised the sides of the mill to keep the pomace from spilling over. The soft wood of the sallow or willow tree would be ‘flexile’ enough to shape easily by soaking to the ‘Rounding’ form of the mill. The traditional cider press was operated by one or two large screws, which pressed a wooden beam down on the ‘cheese’, a layered stack of horsehair cloths (Philips has goat hair, following Georgics, III, 311-13) which held and strained the apple pomace. The juice ran into a trough and was transferred in wooden buckets to the cask.
\[^{22} \] 100-106 Philips describes here the making of water-cider or cider-kin, a weaker and inferior kind for daily use.
They drive, and sing of Fusca’s radiant Eyes,\textsuperscript{23}
Pleas’d with the medly Draught.\textsuperscript{24} Not shalt thou now
Reject the Apple-Cheese,\textsuperscript{25} tho’ quite exhaust;
Ev’n now ’twill cherish, and improve the Roots
Of sickly Plants; new Vigor hence convey’d
Will yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
Such Profit springs from Husks discreetly us’d!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew,
Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu’d
By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
Desir’d, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
’Till the damp Lybian Wind,\textsuperscript{26} with Tempests arm’d
Outrageous, bluster’d horrible amidst
His Cyder-Grove: O’er-turn’d by furious Blasts,
The sightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their Fruitage scatter’d, from the genial Boughs
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall’n Heaps
Collecting, cherish’d with the tepid Wreaths
Of tedded Grass, and the Sun’s mellowing Beams
Rival’d with artful Heats, and thence procur’d
A costly Liquor, by improving Time
Equal’d with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall alway warn,
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some

\textsuperscript{23} sing of Fusca’s radiant Eyes Alluding to Phineas Fletcher’s pastoral verse epistle ‘To My Beloved Thenot’ in answer of his verse’, in which the speaker, a ‘lowly shepherd’, proposes to sing his mistress Fusca’s eyes.

\textsuperscript{24} medly Draught ’Medley’ in the sense of vulgar.

\textsuperscript{25} Apple-Cheese The pomace or apple-cheese was used as a fertilizer.

\textsuperscript{26} damp Lybian Wind The sirocco, a hot and blighting north African wind, here used figuratively for the east wind, thought to carry blight.
With watry Turneps have debas’d their Wines,
Too frugal;\(^{27}\) nor let the crude Humors dance
In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
Altho’ \textit{Devonia} much commends the Use
Of strengthening \textit{Vulcan};\(^{28}\) with their native Strength
Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;
And, when th’allotted Orb\(^{29}\) of Time’s compleat,
Are more commended than the labour’d Drinks.\(^{30}\)

\begin{quote}
Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The Priest’s appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
The tenth of thy Increase bestow, and own
Hea’n’s bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful Duty: This neglected, fear
Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
The Clergy’s Due; relying on himself,
His Fields he tended with successless Care,
Early, and late, when, or unwish’t for Rain
Descended, or unseasonable Frosts
Curb’d his increasing Hopes, or when around
The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable Glebe; recording this,
Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.\(^{31}\)
\end{quote}

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
To know, that by no flattering Signs abus’d,

\(^{27}\) 136-9 This refers to the fraudulent practice of ekeing out cider with turnip-juice.
\(^{28}\) 142 \textit{Vulcan} Fire.
\(^{29}\) \textit{Orb} Orbit. Philips means the right number of solar orbits, or days.
\(^{30}\) 139-45 Philips condemns the method of making cider by boiling the apple juice in a copper vat to reduce it before fermenting it with added yeast (traditional cider is fermented with the natural yeasts on the skin of the apples, which are destroyed by boiling). The procedure was especially prevalent in the West of England; hence the reference to ‘\textit{Devonia}’ or Devonshire, which was already in the process of displacing Herefordshire as a centre of commercial cider-production.
\(^{31}\) 146-61 \textit{The Priest’s appointed Share} At this time, High Church Tories were lobbying for increased support of the lesser clergy, and Queen Anne’s Bounty Act of 1704 was an effort to relocate tithe revenue to benefit impoverished clergymen.
Thou wisely may’st provide: The various Moon
Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
Each rising Dawn; e’er Icy Crusts surmount
The current Stream, the heav’nly Orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling Rays, and Cynthia\textsuperscript{32} glows
With Light unsully’d:\textsuperscript{33} Now the Fowler, warn’d
By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
Treads the crimp\textsuperscript{34} Earth, ranging thro’ Fields and Glades
Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
Cheques their mid Flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful Throats, the tow’ring, heavy Lead
O’er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
Above the Clouds, præcipitant\textsuperscript{35} to Earth.

The Woodcocks early Visit, and Abode\textsuperscript{36}
Of long Continuance on our temperate Clime,
Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times
Intelligent, th’harsh Hyperborean Ice
Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
Cleave the chill’d Soil, he backward wings his Way
To Scandinavian frozen Summers, meet
For his num’d\textsuperscript{37} Blood,\textsuperscript{38} But nothing profits more
Than frequent Snows: O, may’st Thou often see
Thy Furrows whiten’d by the woolly Rain,
Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
The porous Wet, quick’ning the languid Glebe.\textsuperscript{39}

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave

\textsuperscript{32} Cynthia The moon.
\textsuperscript{33} 162-9 Weather-signs are a generic component of the georgic. Philips’s prognostication of winter is modelled on Georgics I, 393-400, where the brilliance of stars and moon forecasts good weather.
\textsuperscript{34} crimp Friable, easily crumbled.
\textsuperscript{35} Præcipitant Falling rapidly or suddenly.
\textsuperscript{36} Abode Prognostication; prediction.
\textsuperscript{37} num’l Numbed, frozen.
\textsuperscript{38} 177-84 The woodcock, a winter migrant bird, arrives from the north in October.
\textsuperscript{39} woolly Rain...Secret Nitre It was thought that snow contained fertilising nitrous salts. See McKillop, The Background of Thomson’s Seasons, pp. 60-1.
With Winter-Winds, before the Gems\(^{40}\) exert
Their feeble Heads; the loosen’d Roots then drink
Large Increment,\(^{41}\) Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly Stars, their pow’rful Influence
O’er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
Under each Sign. On our Account has Jove
Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps\(^{42}\) supply
Delicious Draughts; the Quinces now, or Plums,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian Fruit\(^{43}\)
Are prest to Wines; the Britons squeeze the Works
Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od’rous Herbs
Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath’d, ancient Sires.\(^{44}\)

But, if Thou’rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou’dst brew;
Besides the Orchat, ev’ry Hedge, and Bush
Affords Assistance; ev’n afflictive Birch,
Curs’d by unletter’d, idle Youth, distills
A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
Profuse of nursing Sap.\(^{45}\) When Solar Beams
Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask’t Meads,

\(^{40}\) Gems Buds.
\(^{41}\) Roots then drink / Large Increment Philips, following traditional science, believes that the main nourishment of soil is water.
\(^{42}\) Corinths Currants; Rasps Raspberries. Worlidge gives instructions on making currant wine and raspberry wine, pp. 127-9.
\(^{43}\) The mulberry; ‘Thisbean’ alludes to the story of Pyramus and Thisbe from Ovid, Metamorphoses, IV.
\(^{44}\) 204-7 Britons squeeze the Works / Of sedulous Bees Cf. Georgics II, 134-35. Mead or methaglin is made from fermented honey and water (on its history and preparation, see Worlidge, pp. 130-6). Methaglin (from the Welsh meddyglin, ‘physician’) is the spiced mead described here, known for its medicinal qualities.
\(^{45}\) 208-14 On the preparation and medicinal properties of birch wine, made from the silver or white birch, see Worlidge, pp. 136-8. The common association of the tree with floggings also prompted wit in earlier scientific accounts of birch wine.
Unforc’d display ten thousand painted Flow’rs
Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-Posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy Iërne, whose most wholsome Air
Poisons envenom’d Spiders, and forbids
The baleful Toad, and Viper from her Shore!
More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich’d
With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais’d,) which wide
Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, Sedulous, and Stout,
With Bowls of fat’ning Mum, or blissful Cups
Of Kernels-relish’d Fluids, the fair Star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at Noon
Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use
Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov’d
Far from the slopeing Journey of the Year,

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46 Potables Drinks.
47 in mid Fervors In intense heat.
48 Iërne Ireland.
49 Poisons envenom’d Spiders...baleful Toad...Viper This refers to the tradition that St Patrick banished snakes and other venomous creatures from the island.
50 the Root / For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais’d This appears to mean liquorice.
51 Belgæ The Dutch.
52 Fat’ning Enriching.
53 Mum A kind of beer: see note to I, 427.
54 Kernels-relish’d Fluids Kernel-water, or liquor made from brandy flavoured with crushed cherry and apricot stones. OED s.v. ‘kernel’ n. 1, C2.
55 Phosphorus The morning star.
56 Flegm Phlegm, self-possession.
Beyond Petsora,\textsuperscript{57} and Islandic Coasts?\textsuperscript{240}

Where ever-during Snows, perpetual Shades
Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,\textsuperscript{58}

Did not the Arctic Tract, spontaneous yield
A cheering purple Berry,\textsuperscript{59} big with Wine,

Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft

They interlard their native Drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these Aids

Enabl’d to prevent the suddain Rot
Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.\textsuperscript{60} \textsuperscript{245}

Nor less the Sable Borderers of Nile,\textsuperscript{61}

Nor who Taprobane\textsuperscript{62} manure, nor They,

Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor’d with Streams

Egregious,\textsuperscript{63} Rum, and Rice’s Spirit\textsuperscript{64} extract.

For here, expos’d to perpendicular Rays, \textsuperscript{255}

In vain they covet Shades, and Thrascias’ Gales,\textsuperscript{65}

Pining with \textit{Equinoctial} Heat, unless

The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their Eyes,

Void of\textsuperscript{67} a bulky Charger\textsuperscript{68} near their Lips, \textsuperscript{260}

With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,

Their frying Blood compells to irrigate

Their dry-furr’d Tongues, else minutely to Death

\textsuperscript{57}Beyond Petsora The Petsora (mod. Pechora) is a river dividing European and Asian Russia. ‘Beyond’ may indicate what Dunster’s note calls ‘a vast province of Eastern Russia... immediately under the Arctic Circle’, or (as the phrase ‘Islandic Coasts’ makes more probable here), Novaya Zemla and the Arctic islands.

\textsuperscript{58}livid Blood Having a blue, leaden color, indicating extreme exposure to the cold.

\textsuperscript{59}Berry Cranberry. Philips exercises poetic licence, elaborating on his seventeenth-century source, Johannes Scheffer’s \textit{Laponia} (1673).

\textsuperscript{60}the suddain Rot / Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet Frostbite.

\textsuperscript{61}Sable Borderers of the Nile Egyptians or Africans.

\textsuperscript{62}Taprobane Sri Lanka.

\textsuperscript{63}Streams / Egregious Remarkably good drinks.

\textsuperscript{64}Rice’s Spirit This may refer to rice wine (sake) or to arrack, a spirit then made from rice, sugar and coconut sap.

\textsuperscript{65}Thrascias’ Gales The North-Northwest wind.

\textsuperscript{66}\textit{Equinoctial} Equinoctial, occurring at the Spring or Autumn equinox.

\textsuperscript{67}Void of Without.

\textsuperscript{68}Charger Large drinking vessel.
Obnoxious, dismal Death, th’Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in Columbus’ World, Carybbes,69 and they, whom the Cotton Plant
With downy-sprouting Vests arrays! Their Woods
Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
Celestial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand
The Lemmon, uncorrupt with Voyage long,
To vinous Spirits added (heav’nly Drink!)
They with Pneumatic Engine,70 ceaseless draw,
Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide
Flows from th’exhilerating Fount. As, when
Against a secret Cliff, with soddain Shock
A Ship is dash’d, and leaking drinks the Sea,
Th’astonish’d Mariners ay ply the Pump,
Nor Stay, nor Rest, ‘till the wide Breach is clos’d.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu’d, still move
The draining Sucker,71 then alone concern’d,
When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
Are frustrate, shou’dst Thou think thy Pipes72 will flow
With early-limpid73 Wine. The horded Store,
And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun’s
Kind strengthning Heat, twice Winter’s purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
From different Mixtures, Woodcock,74 Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain,75 the blended Streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create

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69 Carybbes The Carib peoples, native to the Caribbean region.
70 Pneumatic Engine An air-pump, used in famous experiments by Robert Boyle; Philips is facetiously describing a straw, satirising experimental science. The joke depends on the reader knowing Boyle’s claim that air is a thinner form of fluid.
71 draining Sucker Another facetious periphrasis for straw.
72 Pipes Casks.
73 early limpid Swiftly clarifying.
74 Woodcock A variety listed by Daniel Colwall as a common cider-apple in ‘An Account of Perry and Cider in Gloucestershire’ (Pomona, p. 64).
75 Pippin, Moyle...Eliot...Permain Varieties of apple: see notes to I, 461, 462 and 469.
A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
Hardly distinguish’d;\textsuperscript{76} as the show’ry Arch,\textsuperscript{77}
With listed Colours gay, \textit{Or, Azure, Gules},\textsuperscript{78}
Delights, and puzzles the Beholder’s Eye,
That views the watry Brede,\textsuperscript{79} with thousand Shews
Of Painture vary’d, yet’s unskill’d to tell
Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn’d
Their genuine Relish, and of sundry Vines
Assum’d the Flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish Product,\textsuperscript{80} this, to Gauls\textsuperscript{81} has seem’d
The sparkling \textit{Nectar of Champaigne}; with that,
A German oft has swill’d his Throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that Imperial Rhine bestow’d
The Generous Rummer,\textsuperscript{82} whilst the Owner pleas’d,
Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain’d
With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
Of close-prest Husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty Soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsom, undigested Cades:\textsuperscript{83}
The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
Thy muddy Bev’rage to serene,\textsuperscript{84} and drive
Præcipitant\textsuperscript{85} the baser, ropy\textsuperscript{86} Lees.\textsuperscript{87}

\textsuperscript{76} 287-92 Cider is traditionally made with a blend of sweet and bittersharp (acid astringent) apples.
\textsuperscript{77} show’ry Arch Rainbow.
\textsuperscript{78} \textit{Or, Azure, Gules} In heraldic language, yellow or gold, blue, and red.
\textsuperscript{79} Brede Braid, used poetically to express the interweaving of colors.
\textsuperscript{80} The Spanish Product Sherry.
\textsuperscript{81} Gauls The French.
\textsuperscript{82} Rummer A kind of large drinking-glass.
\textsuperscript{83} Cades Casks.
\textsuperscript{84} to serene To clarify.
\textsuperscript{85} drive / Præcipitant Force to sink
\textsuperscript{86} ropy Stringy, thin, poor, in Herefordshire usage.
\textsuperscript{87} 312-14 Freshly pressed apple juice is cloudy with particles of pulp, which fall to the bottom of the cask over several months. As cider was traditionally made between Michaelmas and Christmas, this natural clarification took place in the winter.
And now thy Wine’s transpicuous,\(^{88}\) purg’d from all
It’s earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat Refuse,\(^{89}\) least too soon disjoin’d
From spritely,\(^{90}\) it, to sharp, or vappid\(^{91}\) change.
When to convenient Vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
Inflext,\(^{92}\) self-taught,\(^{93}\) and voluntary flies
The defecated Liquor,\(^{94}\) thro’ the Vent
Ascending, then by downward Tract convey’d,
Spouts into subject Vessels,\(^{95}\) lovely clear.
As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
Darts thro’ a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg’d
With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold:
So, and so richly, the purg’d Liquid shines.

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glass thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.\(^{96}\)

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist\(^{97}\) feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
O’er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil\(^{98}\) Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles sunny-red:

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\(^{88}\) transpicuous: Clear, ‘pervious to vision’ (OED).
\(^{89}\) feed... fat Refuse: Continue to gain strength and flavour from the rich lees.
\(^{90}\) spritely: Sprightly; ‘having a lively and refreshing taste’ (OED).
\(^{91}\) vappid: Insipid.
\(^{92}\) a brazen Tube / Inflext: A curved brass pipe used to siphon off the cider.
\(^{93}\) self-taught...voluntary: Without external force (i.e. siphoning by gravity).
\(^{94}\) defecated Liquor: Literally, separated from the lees. Worlidge uses the Latin word *feces* (in the sense of something that is purged) for lees (p. 93).
\(^{95}\) Vessels: Cider-casks; a Herefordshire term.
\(^{96}\) 329-32: Spring is preferred to summer for bottling as the cider can be kept at an evenly cool temperature. Maturing continued in bottle, kept ideally in a cool place.
\(^{97}\) the subtle Chymist: The skilled chemist (with the broader sense of a natural scientist, a craftsman, one who manipulates the natural world), also humorously playing on the sense of ‘alchemist’.
\(^{98}\) fusil: Fusile, made liquid by heat.
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow’d Steel
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphære,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every Liquid, with his plastic Lungs,
To human Life subservient; By his Means
Cyders in Metal frail improve; the Moyle,
And tastful Pippin, in a Moon’s short Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection: Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each Drop, Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav’d.
But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
The Eliot’s Roughness. Stirom, firmest Fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, e’er justly mild.
Soften’d by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
Nor trust its Smoothness; The third circling Glass
Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas’d with the Relish weak,
Drink on unwarn’d, ’till by enchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.  

The Farmer’s Toil is done; his Cades mature,  
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit  
T’indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays  
To Bacchus, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.  
His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,  
Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand  
Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward  
Of his own Industry; the well fraught Bowl  
Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell  
With quavering Laugh, and rural Jests resounds.  
Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love  
Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour past  
Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage  
When sullen Philomel escapes, her Notes  
She varies, and of past Imprisonment  
Sweetly complains; her Liberty retriev’d  
Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.  
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the Bounds  
Of healthy Temp’rance, nor incroach on Night,  
Season of Rest, but well bedew’d repair  
Each to his Home, with unsupplanted Feet.  
E’er Heav’n’s emblazon’d by the rosie Dawn  
Domestic Cares awake them; brisk they rise,  
Refresh’d, and lively with the Joys that flow  
From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups  
Sweetly interchang’d. The pining Lover finds  
Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks  
Of Coy Lucinda. Give the Debtor Wine;  
His Joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks  
His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add  
Courage, and Mirth: magnificent in Thought,

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109 357-62 Refers to the common occurrence of men sentimentally toasting the Stuart pretenders in their cups while normally claiming allegiance to the reigning monarch.
110 *Cades* Casks.
111 *call for Vent* Need to be broached.
112 *Philomel* The nightingale; see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VI.
113 *Lucinda* A stock pastoral name.
Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
And in the Goal expatiates unconfin’d.
Nor can the Poet Bacchus’ Praise indite,
Debarr’d his Grape: The Muses still require
Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phoebus, with unmoisten’d Lips.\(^{114}\)
Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
By parching Thirst allur’d: With vehement Suns
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
How pleasant is’t, beneath the twisted Arch
Of a retreating Bow’r, in Mid-day’s Reign
To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,
Secur’d of fev’rish Heats! When th’aged Year
Inclines, and Boreas’ Spirit\(^{115}\) blusters frore,\(^{116}\)
Beware th’inclement Heav’ns; now let thy Hearth
Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood
Now instigate with th’Apples powerful Streams.
Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine
The willing Ploughman, and December warms
To Annual Jollities; now sportive Youth
Carol incondite\(^{117}\) Rhythms, with suitting Notes,\(^{118}\)
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy Swains
In clean Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
Mxt with the Buxom Damsels; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer
Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
Steal from unwary Lasses; they with Scorn,
And Neck reclin’d, resent the ravish’d Bliss.
Mean while, blind British Bards\(^{119}\) with volant Touch

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\(^{114}\) Imploring Phoebus, with unmoisten’d Lips Philips wittily alludes to the fact that Phoebus (Apollo) is associated with both the thirst-giving sun and poetry.

\(^{115}\) Boreas’ Spirit blusters frore The north wind blows icily.

\(^{116}\) frore Frozen.

\(^{117}\) incondite Rude.

\(^{118}\) suitting Notes An appropriate tune.

\(^{119}\) blind British Bards The blind singer-poet was familiar from the Welsh (‘British’) bardic as well as the Homeric tradition.
Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
Provoke to harmless Revels; these among,
A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag
That bears imprison’d Winds,\(^\text{120}\) (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst Laertes Son enclos’d.)\(^\text{121}\)
Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
‘Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying Goblets,\(^\text{122}\) nor when Spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
Of future Harvest: When the Gnossian Crown\(^\text{123}\)
Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
Exhilarate their languid Minds, within
The Golden Mean confin’d: Beyond, there’s naught
Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
Prompts to persue the sparkling Glass, be sure
‘Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire Computation,\(^\text{124}\) forthwith Reason quits
Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once
Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant:
Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays

\(^{120}\) wondrous Bag / That bears imprison’d Winds The bagpipes.

\(^{121}\) those, which erst Laertes Son enclos’d In Homer’s Odyssey, X, Laertes’ son Odysseus is given a bag of winds captured by Aeolus; see also Virgil, Aeneid, I, 50-63.

\(^{122}\) bellying Goblets ‘Bellying’ because upturned to drink.

\(^{123}\) Gnossian Crown The Corona borealis or Northern Crown, rising in October.

\(^{124}\) Computation A drinking-bout.
Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl’d
With dire Intent; Bottles with Bottles clash
In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
The sharp-edg’d Fragments, down their batter’d Cheeks
Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow: What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil Hour
Dry’d an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
T’exhale his Surfeit by irriguous125 Sleep,
Imprudent?126 Him, Death’s Iron-Sleep opprest,
Descending careless from his Couch; the Fall
Luxt127 his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis’d.
Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
The turbulent Mirth of Wine; nor all the kinds
Of Maladies, that lead to Death’s grim Cave,
Wrought by Intemperance, joint-racking Gout,
Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,
Chill, even when the Sun with July-Heats
Frys the scorch’d Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,
Yet craving Liquids: Nor the Centaurs Tale
Be here repeated; how with Lust, and Wine
Inflam’d, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
At feasting Hour.128 Ye Heav’nly Pow’rs, that guard
The British Isles, such dire Events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let Civil Broils
Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.
Too oft alas! has mutual Hatred drench’d
Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst

125 irriguous Watered, lubricated.
126 463-6 rash Elpenor...Imprudent One of Odysseus’s companions, changed into a pig by Circe but later restored to human form. Tipsy, he fell asleep on Circe’s terrace; Odysseus, escaping, called to him. Elpenor started up, missed his footing, and fell to his death. See Odyssey, XI, 51-65.
127 Luxt Dislocated.
128 476-9 the Centaurs Tale...feasting Hour The centaurs are mythological creatures, part horse and part man; this alludes to their legendary battle with the Lapithae after a banquet with heavy drinking.
Of other’s Rights, our Quiet discompos’d.
Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag’d
Wide-spreading, when by Eris’ Torch incens’d
Our Fathers warr’d? What Hero’s, signaliz’d
For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
Untimely, undeserv’d! How Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granvill, dauntless Sons of Mars,
Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
Defy’d their Prince to Arms, nor made account
Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?
Apostate, Atheist Rebells! bent to Ill,
With seeming Sanctity, and cover’d Fraud,
Instill’d by him, who first presum’d t’oppose
Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th’Event
Was not alike; these triumph’d, and in height
Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
Abstain’d not from Imperial Bloud. O Fact
Unparallel’d! O Charles! O Best of Kings!
What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou’dst fall
Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg’d to Death
By those, Thy Mercy only wou’d have sav’d!
Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain’d with Guilt;
The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,

129 by Eris’ Torch incens’d / Our Fathers warr’d? The English Civil War. Eris, or Contention, is frequently personified as a goddess by the Greek poets.
130 494-7 How Bertie fell, / Compton, and Granvill Three royalist heroes of the early part of the Civil Wars who died in defence of Charles I. Robert Bertie, first Earl of Lindsey (1582-1642), raised Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire in defence of Charles and died at Edgehill. Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton (1601-1643), was commissioned in 1642 to raise Warwickshire for the king. He fought in several battles and was killed at Hopton Heath. Sir Bevil Grenville (1596-1643), a Cornish royalist, defeated the parliamentarians at Bradock Down and was killed at Lansdowne near Bath.
131 mad, headstrong Rout The Republican side in the English civil wars.
132 him, who first presum’d t’oppose / Omnipotence Satan.
133 Abstain’d not from Imperial Bloud Refers to the execution of Charles I in 1649.
Abhorred such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
Of Monarchy; but, ah! successless She
However faithful! then was no Regard
Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once Happy, Land
By home-bred Fury rent, long groan’d beneath
Tyrannic Sway, ’till fair-revolving Years
Our exil’d Kings, and Liberty restor’d.
Now we exult, by mighty ANNA’s Care
Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
The Rage of Kings: Here, nobly She supports
Justice oppress’d; here, Her victorious Arms
Quell the Ambitious: From Her Hand alone
All Europe fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever’d from the World
By Nature’s wise Indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in One Supreme
Intirely blest; and from beginning time
Design’d thus happy; but the fond Desire
Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply’d a Race
Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc’d,
Destructive of the public Weal: For now
Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
Or Emulation urg’d, his Neighbour’s Bounds
Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
With ruinous Assault; on every Plain
Host cop’d with Host, dire was the Din of War,
And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur’d
By Havoc, and Dismay, ’till Jealousy
Rais’d new Combustion; Thus was Peace in vain
Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern:

134 514-16 Cyder-Land unstain’d...Abhor’d such base, disloyal Deeds At the outbreak of the civil wars the Herefordshire squirearchy was largely Royalist.
135 Anna Queen Anne.
136 536-48 Refers to the period of insular wars and Germanic invasions before the reign of Edgar (next note), and by analogy to the dynastic rivalries that characterised English and European politics in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
'Till Edgar\textsuperscript{137} grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-Year Night, \textsuperscript{138} the orient Beam
Of Phoebus Lamp)\textsuperscript{139} arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending Pow’rs,
Pacific Monarch; then her lovely Head
Concord rear’d high, and all around diffus’d
The Spirit of Love; at Ease, the Bards new strung
Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
In uncouth Rhythms, to echo Edgar’s Name.
Then Gladness smil’d in every Eye; the Years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish’d Happiness at home, or crush’d
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted Richard,\textsuperscript{140} with his Force
Drawn from the North, to Jury’s hallow’d Plains!\textsuperscript{141}
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell’d
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves
Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press’d
Amidst the thickest Battel; and o’er-threw
What-e’er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th’unbelieving Squadrons turn’d to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
Mangl’d behind: The Soldan,\textsuperscript{142} as he fled,
Oft call’d on Alla, gnashing with Despite,
And Shame, and murmur’d many an empty Curse.

\textsuperscript{137} Edgar Edgar or Eadgar, King of England, 959-75 (crowned 973).
\textsuperscript{138} those who pine / A dismal half-Year Night The Scythians of northern Russia.
\textsuperscript{139} Phoebus Lamp The sun.
\textsuperscript{140} Lyon-Hearted Richard Richard I (1157-99), called Coeur-de-Lion. This passage refers to his involvement in the Third Crusade.
\textsuperscript{141} Jury’s hallow’d Plains Jerusalem and the Holy Land.
\textsuperscript{142} The Soldan Sultan.
Behold Third Edward’s Streamers blazing high
On Gallia’s hostile Ground! his Right withheld,
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,
Fierce Brutus Off-spring to the adverse Front
Advance resistless, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
Of Edward, twice o’erturn’d their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join’d the horrid Shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended Wings,
He fugitive declin’d superior Strength,
Discomfited; persu’ed, in the sad Chace
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Bloud
The Vallies float: Great Edward thus aveng’d,
With golden Iris his broad Shield emboss’d.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her Tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins
New Authors of Dissention spring; from him
Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
For Sov’ran Sway; (and can such Anger dwell
In noblest Minds?) but little now avail’d
The Ties of Friendship; every Man, as lead
By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair’d
To either Camp, and breath’d immortal Hate,
And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;
Sons against Fathers tilt the fatal Lance,
Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds

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143 Gallia France.
144 Fierce Brutus Off-spring The Welsh, whose infantrymen were said to have distinguished themselves at Crécy (see notes to I, 589-92, and the following note).
145 577-89 Edward III defeated the French in Gascony in 1345 but endured a French counter-attack at Aiguillon in 1346 before his decisive victory in the Battle of Crécy on 26 August 1346.
146 Iris The fleur-de-lys, emblem of France.
147 Two Branches, that in hosting long contend / For Sov’ran Sway The rival houses of Lancaster and York descended from two sons of Edward III; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund de Langley, Duke of York.
Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and Peasants on th’embattled Field
Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
Promiscuously amast: with dismal Groans,
And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
Some call for Aid, neglected; some o’erturn’d
In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery Coursers; Horror thus,
And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign’d
Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
Reserv’d for this great Work?—Hail, happy Prince
Of Tudor’s Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! Thou, Thou art He,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial Rites
Must close the Gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum
Provoskes to Arms, or Trumpet’s Clangor shrill
Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin’s Bloud;
But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
Uninterrupted! With presaging Skill
Thou to Thy own unitest Fergus’ Line
By wise Alliance; from Thee James descends,

148 Distain Discolour.
149 Alternate Reciprocal.
150 Promiscuously amast Piled up carelessly or untidily (‘amast’ = amassed).
151 Ejulation Wailing, lamentation.
152 Richmond Henry Before becoming King, Henry VII was the Earl of Richmond, Yorkshire.
153 close the Gates of Janus Closing the gates of the temple of Janus Quirinus was a Roman symbol of peace.
154 Fergus’ Line The Scottish royal line.
155 wise Alliance After peace was concluded between England and Scotland in 1499, Henry VII negotiated the marriage between his eldest daughter Margaret (Tudor) and the Scottish king James V. The marriage treaty of January 1502 was accompanied by a treaty of perpetual peace.
156 James descends James VI of Scotland inherited the English Crown in 1603 as great-grandson of Henry VII.
157 619-30 Henry VII (1457-1509), of the house of Lancaster, was brought up in Wales and traced his ancestry through his grandfather Sir Owen Tudor to Cadwaladr, half-legendary king of the ancient Britons. His accession was said to fulfil the prophecy of Cadwaladr’s
Heav’ns chosen Fav’rite, first Britannic King.
To him alone, Hereditary Right
Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain’d
Of Discontent; two Nations under One,
In Laws and Int’rest diverse, still persu’d
Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,
Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
Cou’d ought avail, ’till prudent ANNA said
Let there be UNION; strait with Reverence due
To Her Command, they willingly unite,
One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
Indissolubly firm; from Dubris\textsuperscript{158} South,
To Northern Orcades,\textsuperscript{159} Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu’d by an eternal Bond,
What shall retard the Britons’ bold Designs,
Or who sustain their Force; in Union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the Pow’rs combin’d
Of all this Globe? At this important Act
The Mauritanian\textsuperscript{160} and Cathaian\textsuperscript{161} Kings
Already tremble, and th’unbaptiz’d Turk
Dreads War from utmost Thule;\textsuperscript{162} uncontrol’d
The British Navy thro’ the Ocean vast
Shall wave her double Cross,\textsuperscript{163} t’extreamest Climes
Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus’ Wealth,\textsuperscript{164}
Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains
Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows

\textsuperscript{158} Dubris Dover.
\textsuperscript{159} Orcades Orkney.
\textsuperscript{160} Mauritanian North African.
\textsuperscript{161} Cathaian Chinese (from Cathaya, the Latin name for China).
\textsuperscript{162} utmost Thule The classical name for a land north of Britain, supposed to be the northernmost region in the world; here meaning simply Britain.
\textsuperscript{163} double Cross The Union Jack combines the English St George’s Cross and the Scottish St Andrew’s Cross.
\textsuperscript{164} Indus’ Wealth The wealth of India.
From well stor’d Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits.
The elder Year, Pomona, pleas’d, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur’d Births, whose liquid Store
Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
The Natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful Ills, caus’d by Bellona’s Wrath
In other Realms; where-e’er the British spread
Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach’d
Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
Wide Universe, Silurian Cyder borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o’er the Vine.

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165 The elder Year The year grown older, i.e. in Autumn.
166 ruby-tinctur’d Births Apples.
167 Bellona Roman goddess of war.